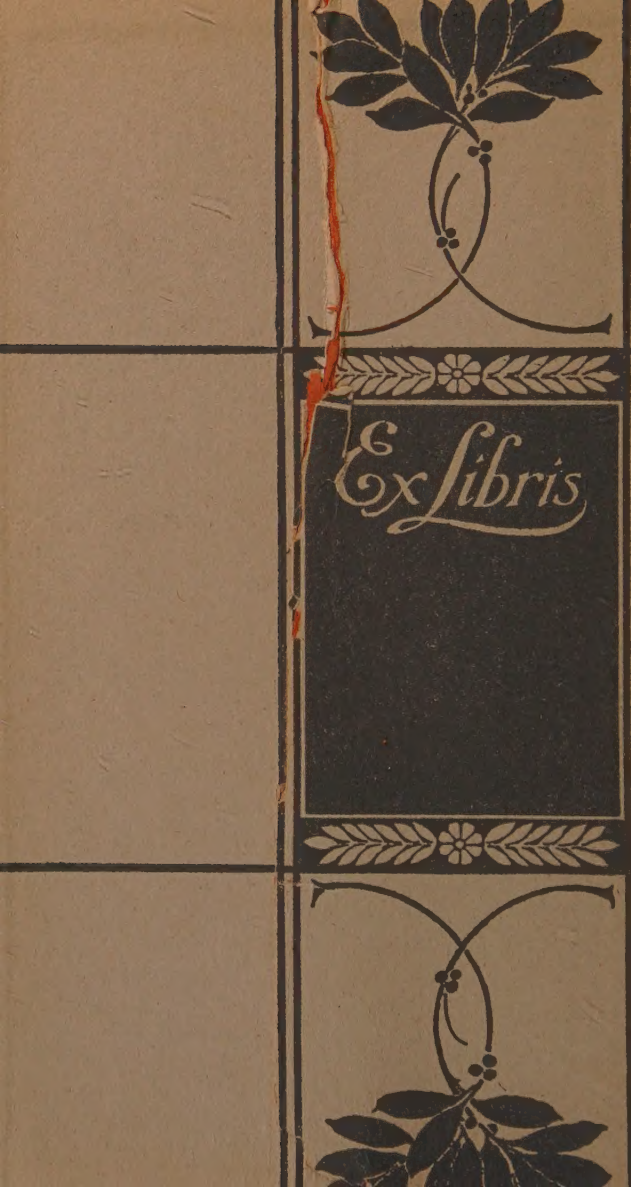
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Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

EVANGELINE

Henry
Wadsworth
Longfellow

Edited by Lewis B. Semple
Revised by H. Y. Moffett
Illustrated by John A. Haelen

The Macmillan Company

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Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1900.
Revised edition with illustrations published September, 1929.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

"EVANGELINE" has long been an almost essential part of the literary heritage of American youth, and rightly so. Narrative poetry is naturally more attractive to young people than other kinds; Longfellow is a master of the long metrical tale, and this poem represents his most successful effort in that field. It is a wholesome, touching story, cast in a form of lofty, solemn beauty. The tone is high, as always in Longfellow, and the pathos and sentiment have no kinship with either the morbid or the mawkish. With the technical objections of critics the teacher in a secondary school has no direct concern. The verse form will be found suitable to the mood, and the rich and abundant figures of speech should be appreciated and enjoyed, not dragged through the mire of formal analysis. Every teacher, of course, will teach the poem in his own way, according to his taste and personality. He will discover the need of giving attention to unfamiliar words and improving the vocabulary of the student by reference to the dictionary and by the study of synonyms. There will be a great deal of read-

ing aloud, much of it by the teacher, who should not neglect thorough preparation for so great a privilege; there may be dramatization of selected scenes, reports on individual historical, biographical, and literary investigations, and occasional bits of writing on carefully limited topics. Since the average pupil will be ignorant of the literary qualities of such a classic, the teacher must help his class to gain adequate knowledge of background and setting, of characters and their development, of the means whereby characterization and description are made effective, and of the organization and progression of the narrative. The immediate aim should be pleasure and satisfaction. After these will follow emotional growth and intellectual culture.

H. Y. M.

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INTRODUCTION

Longfellow's Life and Works

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. His mother's family had been represented in New England as far back as the settlement of Plymouth; indeed, it is asserted that the poet was telling secrets of his own ancestors when he related the love story of John Alden and the Puritan maiden Priscilla. His father, Stephen Longfellow, was a lawyer, an honor graduate of Harvard College, and a man highly regarded for his courtesy, his public spirit, and his integrity of character. Fortunately, he was also well to do; he had a good library in which the future poet could nourish his growing mind, and he believed in education.

The poem "My Lost Youth" indicates that the boy's early life was a happy one. At the age of fourteen he left Portland Academy and, with his brother Samuel, enrolled at Bowdoin College at Brunswick, a school of which his father was one of the trustees. In college Longfellow made a number of worthy friends, Na-

thaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce, later President of the United States, among them. In a class of distinguished students he stood high. He seems to have found mathematics difficult, but he found great satisfaction in reading Gray's *Odes,* Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets,* and the works of Chatterton. Not only did he read such literature with zest, but he liked to discuss it; his letters to his parents contain many expressions of his critical opinions and show that even better than reading he loved writing. He found time, too, to compose verses which were printed in newspapers and a number of prose articles that gave him something of a local reputation.

As the time of graduation approached, the thoughts of the young man turned to the question of a profession. In those days a college graduate ordinarily turned to the ministry, medicine, or the law. Stephen Longfellow had planned that his son study for the bar. Henry was willing to admit that he might possibly endure being a lawyer; for medicine and theology he had much respect but no inclination. "The fact is," he says in a letter dated December 5, 1824, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. . . . Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of

literary talent in our country than is now offered." And the better to fit himself for this kind of work, he proposed a year at Harvard, to be spent in the study of history and literature and in considering his future. The father, a practical man, doubted the wisdom of such a plan. He pointed out to his son the necessity of making a living and the practical impossibility of doing so by means of purely literary pursuits. Admitting that the life of a man of letters might be an agreeable one, he explained that "there was not enough wealth in the country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men."

The father was right. At this time no single American had been able to maintain himself by his pen. Bryant had struggled for years as a lawyer and had spent the rest of his days as a busy editor; in late life he made the statement: "An experience of twenty-five years has convinced me that poetry is an unprofitable trade—nobody cares a fig for it." Poe had died in miserable poverty. Our literature was just dawning. The great mass of Americans were too busy with the stern necessities of life to give thought, much less money, to the cultivation of the higher pleasures of the intellect.

At this juncture, when it seemed that the young aspirant to literary distinction would be obliged to grapple with the law, a most for-

tunate circumstance arose. In emulation of Harvard, the trustees of Bowdoin proposed to found a professorship of Modern Languages. One of their number, a Mr. Orr, had been so favorably impressed with Longfellow's translations of some of the odes of Horace that he proposed that the chair of Modern Languages be offered to the young graduate. The acceptance of the offer was a matter of course. This was exactly the opportunity that Longfellow wanted. As a teacher he could carry on his favorite studies; he could interest others in things that interested him; above all, his duties would afford him some leisure for literary work. It was suggested that he spend three years abroad, gaining familiarity with Spanish, Italian, and German, as well as improving his knowledge of French, before assuming the new position. This great undertaking the young man approached with confidence and enthusiasm. In May 1826, Longfellow sailed from New York, reaching Havre after a pleasant voyage of a month. The next three years are a record of sight-seeing, letter writing, and study. Within three weeks after his arrival in France, we find him installed in a boarding house in Paris, where the use of English by the seven American boarders was forbidden under a penalty of one *sou* a word. His letters home speak much of the delight which

all the novel sights and experiences of Europe held for a young and enthusiastic observer. But they also indicate his realization of the seriousness of the duty which had brought him abroad. To his father he writes " . . . I had no idea that it was indeed so difficult to learn a language. If I had known before leaving home how hard a task I was undertaking, I should have shrunk."

After a time Longfellow left France and visited Spain, Italy, and Germany. A pleasant episode of his sojourn in Spain was an acquaintance with Washington Irving, who was then writing his *Life of Columbus*. The author of the *Sketch Book,* a volume that had been one of Longfellow's boyhood delights, was very kind to his young countryman and gave him letters of introduction to many distinguished men in the quarters of Europe into which he was later to travel. Longfellow was impressed by the sunny temper of the veteran man of letters, and also by the zeal and persistence of his literary toil, for Irving was customarily at his desk by six in the morning and labored faithfully and conscientiously at his huge task.

The influence of Irving may have been in part responsible for the fact that in May 1829, Longfellow writes from Germany, "I am writing a book—a kind of Sketch-Book of scenes in France, Spain, and Italy." This turned out

to be his first important publication, *Outre-Mer*. Shortly after this date he was summoned home, and his first European sojourn was at an end.

In the fall of 1829, Longfellow took up his active academic duties at Bowdoin, with a salary of eight hundred dollars a year as professor and an additional hundred dollars for serving as librarian. His department was a new one. He himself was eager and full of the recent inspiration of his European studies. His youthfulness won the sympathy of the students, and there is abundant testimony to the pleasure they found in associating with one who could preserve the dignity of the professor and yet meet the students on their own plane. Nor was the work so difficult as to be burdensome. Though there were recitations, lectures, and examination, and though the young professor found that he had to translate and compile textbooks for the use of students, there was still some time for study and for original composition. This last was most important, for Longfellow had not forgotten his ambition for literary distinction.

Up to this time Longfellow's publications had been neither numerous nor important. Some prose papers had appeared in the *American Monthly Magazine* and in the *United States Literary Gazette,* and from his schoolboy days

he had written occasional verses for newspapers. In 1831 the editor of the *North American Review* requested contributions, and for years Longfellow's papers on European languages and literature appeared in that magazine. The echo of a poem read at the meeting of the Bowdoin chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, in 1832, reached Cambridge; and the author was asked to repeat it there, and later to print it. Apart from translations, his first really serious publication was *Outre-Mer,* the "kind of Sketch-Book" mentioned above, which was brought out in 1835. In his journal he describes it as "composed of descriptions, sketches of character, tales illustrating manners and customs, and tales illustrating nothing in particular." The influence of Irving is clearly discernible in this book. It was eagerly read at the time, perhaps because European travel was not so common then as it has since become, and the impressions of an intelligent traveller, immature though they were, were welcomed. It was even more popular in England than in America, so that the writer began to have something of a reputation across the water.

In the year 1834 Bowdoin experienced reverses of fortune. Funds were low; the State Legislature refused to make necessary appropriations; and Longfellow began to look elsewhere for a position. Then fate smiled upon

him for a second time. George L. Ticknor, professor of modern languages at Harvard College, resigned, and, having been well impressed by the zeal and scholarship of the young Bowdoin professor, recommended Longfellow as his successor. The offer carried with it the privilege of a preliminary year or more of study abroad; and for a second time Longfellow embarked for Europe. This time he was not alone, for he had married Mary Storer Potter in 1831.

The second journey was made under much more favorable conditions than the first. Longfellow now had a reputation to assist him, largely because of the favorable opinion of *Outre-Mer*. During a stay of three weeks in the British Isles, he became acquainted with many persons of note, including Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. The sojourn in England was delightful, and might have been prolonged had he not found it necessary to hasten to his study of German. He wished also to gain some acquaintance with the Scandinavian languages. Going first to Stockholm, he vigorously prosecuted his studies. Until December 1836, he divided his time chiefly between Switzerland and Germany, living for a while in the old university city of Heidelberg, where he found the best facilities for his studies in the German language and literature. In the autumn of 1835, during a trip to Holland, he experienced his

first great sorrow, one that deeply influenced his life and work; for his wife fell ill, and in November she died at Rotterdam.

Harvard, which was the scene of Longfellow's activities from 1836 to 1854, was a far more attractive place than Bowdoin. The scholastic traditions were high; Ticknor, Longfellow's predecessor, was a man distinguished as teacher, scholar, and writer. On the other hand, Harvard had something to give in compensation. Cambridge was the centre of a group of men deeply interested in literary matters. Longfellow knew well the value of the privilege of associating with men of tastes similar to his own; before many years he had become the centre of a group of poets which are still called in the books the "Cambridge School." It was not long before both the college and the town discovered that the professor conferred upon them more honor than they had conferred upon him.

One cannot think of Longfellow without also thinking of the historic Craigie House, famous as Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston, and since become one of our most sacred literary shrines. In 1836 the house was the property of Mrs. Craigie, an eccentric widow, who finally consented to receive the young professor as a roomer, after he had convinced her that he was not a student. Learning

that he was the author of *Outre-Mer,* she assigned him as a special honor the room which had once been occupied by Washington. Here he prepared the lectures which his college duties required; here he made his translations and wrote his poems; and here he entertained his friends, Felton, professor of Greek, Charles Sumner, who lectured in the law school, the lawyers Hillard and Cleveland, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and other men of note. Henceforth, since Longfellow is now well launched into his literary career, we shall consider him as writer rather than professor, although he retained his professorship until 1854.

Outre-Mer is the literary fruit of the author's first sojourn in Europe; *Hyperion* is the literary fruit of the second. In the meantime his ideas had matured; his vision had clarified. As a result, the latter work has more consistency than the former; the sketches are bound together by means of a hero and a heroine, and the result rises almost to the dignity of a romance. To a certain extent *Hyperion* has an autobiographic value, the hero representing in some measure the author himself.

The same year that saw the publication of the romance (1839) was marked by the appearance of the first volume of poems—*The Voices of the Night,* which achieved immediate and gratifying popularity. In this volume

Longfellow inserted poems lately published in the magazines, such of his earlier verses as he thought worthy of preservation, and a number of translations. Among the original poems were such favorites as "A Psalm of Life," "Hymn to the Night," "The Light of Stars," "The Beleaguered City," and "Footsteps of Angels," the last being written in memory of his wife, and springing from deep personal feeling. The prevailing note of the *Voices* is one of gloom and sadness. There was also represented the didacticism or tendency to moralize that characterized much of Longfellow's work. Of this characteristic "A Psalm of Life" is typical. The writer was deeply serious in his view of human life and also deeply grounded in the principles of religion. And so it is natural, teacher that he was, that he should attempt to teach moral lessons in his poetry. The "Psalm of Life," proclaiming faithful performance of duty, the responsibility resting upon each human being for the welfare of his fellows, and the hope of immortality, found quick response in many hearts and was an inspiration to thousands of humble people in America and abroad. If the merit of poetry is to be measured by its result, surely "A Psalm of Life" belongs among the masterpieces. Modern readers may find it commonplace and "preachy"; but its effects were wholesome and wide-spread, and we must

value it as the clearest expression of the author's philosophy of life.

The translations, all of them lyrical and some of them in the ballad form, were well done, and did much to bring to the American reader the spirit of German literature and thought. Incidentally, this work marked a step in the development of the poet, preparing him for his later treatment of original themes in poems of the ballad kind.

The volume was kindly received in the circles that Longfellow was most concerned about —his friends and the book-buyers. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Allston, and N. P. Willis lauded them. Even Edgar Allen Poe, who had very sharply criticized some of Longfellow's work, expressed his admiration for "Hymn to the Night" and "The Beleaguered City." Hawthorne declared that he "had read the poems over and over again, and they grew upon him at every re-perusal." The first edition of nine hundred copies was exhausted within three weeks. The critics who attempted to belittle the poet's efforts, and who perhaps hoped to discourage him, failed of their purpose. Was ever author so indifferent to adverse criticism or so provokingly lenient toward the critic? A review that promised to be unfavorable was thrown into the waste basket; and its writer received a personal notice, like the

following, in the poet's Journal: "He seems very angry. What an unhappy disposition he must have, to be so much annoyed." All the while, amid the press of college duties and the preparation of lectures, a new volume was being prepared.

In a letter to a friend, under date of January 2, 1840, Longfellow says: "I have broken ground in a new field; namely, ballads. . . . The *national ballad* is a virgin soil in New England; there are great materials." Among these materials which the poet used was the wreck of a number of ships near Gloucester, one of them a schooner named *Hesperus,* and also the discovery of a skeleton in armor, which associated itself in his mind with the Norse sagas that he had studied. And in 1841 was printed the second volume of poems, *Ballads and Other Poems,* containing "The Wreck of the Hesperus, "The Skeleton in Armor," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Rainy Day," and "Excelsior." Probably no other American writer has attempted the ballad with a greater degree of success. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was in form and in spirit a fine imitation of the old English ballads; "The Skeleton in Armor" was vigorous and Norse in spirit; "The Village Blacksmith," in spite of the characteristic moralizing at the close, has long been a great favorite, and will continue to be as long

as there is left in the land a village blacksmith-shop and a village boy to stare round-eyed at its wonders.

In the spring of 1842 Longfellow secured leave of absence for six months. He was suffering from nervous exhaustion, and a physician had recommended the baths and treatments of Marienbad, Germany.

The question of the abolition of slavery was agitating the country at this time. Charles Sumner, one of Longfellow's closest friends, took an active part in the movement, and was destined to become a leader among the Abolitionists within a few years. He was anxious to secure the influence of Longfellow. But the poet was not enthusiastic. He disliked all violent measures, and the remedies which some were proposing seemed to him worse than the evils against which they were directed. He was opposed to slavery, but he hoped that the system might be done away with by legislation and by compromises that would do justice to slave-owner as well as to slave. He declined to join any group or to take part in any crusade, but he did write several poems on the subject while returning from his sojourn in Germany, and after his return they were published in a thirty-page pamphlet. These are tender and pathetic, and rather romantic than realistic. Though they caused bitter attacks to

be made upon him by some, others felt that he had not done justice to his subject. And indeed, when compared with the writings on slavery of men like Lowell and Whittier, Longfellow's verses are feeble and ineffectual. It requires stronger convictions than his to "poetize practical themes." Still, Whittier was so gratified to have Longfellow come out, even feebly, on the Abolition side, that he offered to have the author of "The Quadroon Girl" and "The Warning" nominated for Congress as candidate of the Liberty Party. But from such an honor as this the poet shrank. To Whittier he wrote: "At all times I shall rejoice in the progress of true liberty, and in freedom from slavery of all kinds; but I cannot for a moment think of entering the political arena. Partisan warfare becomes too violent, too vindictive, for my taste; and I should be found but a weak and unworthy champion in public debate."

College duties were resumed in 1843. Shortly after his return from Europe, the poet married Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, whom he had met in Europe. Longfellow's father-in-law purchased the Craigie House, Mrs. Craigie being now dead, and presented it to the couple. Longfellow was now permanently settled in the house he loved, and there he spent the remainder of his life.

To the year 1845 belong three popular poems—"To a Child," "The Day Is Done," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs." "Nuremberg" is an artist's tribute to the artistic traditions of the town; and "The Belfry of Bruges," which gives its name to the volume, records an American's impression of a quaint Old World custom.

The publication, in 1847, of "Evangeline" marks an epoch in the poet's career. Up to this time he had confined himself to reflective lyrics and ballads; he now turned to a longer form —the tale in verse. The abundance of native American material he had long been aware of. More than once his thoughts had turned to the early history of New England. At length a chance conversation suggested a theme even better suited to his genius. In his presence Mr. H. L. Conolly, a clergyman, related to Hawthorne the story of the separation of two Acadian lovers as a result of the expulsion of the French settlers from Nova Scotia. Longfellow, touched by the character of the heroine, said to Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." And upon Hawthorne's consent, he determined to set to work. This was the origin of "Evangeline," though at first the heroine was called Gabrielle. Since only a slight historical background was needed, the poet did not take pains

to visit Nova Scotia or to dig deeply into the historical documents of the times; he used the authority nearest to his land, Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia,* which quoted from the Abbé Reynal some highly-colored pictures of life in Grand-Pré.

"Evangeline" has been one of the most popular poems in American literature, particularly with young people. Critics may find fault—as many of them have done—with the hexameter which the poet chose to employ; they may regret the energy expended in the manufacture of comparisons; they may, if they please, deny to the poem all high literary value. But the people will continue to read, to blame the English, to sympathize with the heroine; and perhaps some of them, like Holmes, will leave upon the last leaf a little mark which tells more than words. The reason is clear: it is a story of love, ideal love, so simply told that the least imaginative can understand. There is no need of "putting oneself into a proper attitude" in order to comprehend it; all that is required is belief in "affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient."

The author never visited the scene of the story. Ideal surroundings were demanded, and ideal they are,—the broad, rich meadows, reclaimed from an angry sea by the toil of the settlers, theirs in a double sense; the hills—

Blomidon or any other—rising in the distance as if guarding the village; the quaint Normandy cottages and costumes of the peasants; and the venerable church casting its dim, religious light over all. Here the inhabitants lived a Utopian life. Modest desires and mutual helpfulness made the richest seem poor, and the poorest rich.

Of the characters that enter into the story Evangeline alone is vividly described. The others are clearly enough marked to be distinguished: Benedict, a prosperous farmer, well satisfied with the world and looking hopefully upon the future; Basil, the blacksmith, impetuous in judgment and in action, suspicious of the English, who had lately renewed their encroachments upon French territory; Father Felician, a model priest, the adviser of his people in temporal as well as spiritual matters; and, dimmest of all, Gabriel, the lover of Evangeline. Very charmingly is the home of Benedict pictured, with the young girl as central figure.

In the most beautiful season of the year, when Grand-Pré "lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood"; when the homes of the villagers were gladdened by a successful harvest; when preparations had been made for the establishment of a new home in the community, came the mysterious summons of

the English commander, and then the announcement of the cruel sentence. In the trying moments of the removal how much depends upon Evangeline, and how nobly she sustains her part! Thereafter her life is one of patient suffering, lighted by a single hope, tolerable because it is possible to forget self in the service of others. When at last the hope is realized, only to vanish away, the reaction is too great, and the strong nature breaks. There could be but this one ending. Any other would have dragged the story down to a very commonplace earth.

Kavanagh, a tale of life in a New England village, was not so successful. The rural scenes which make an admirable background for a poem are too tame for a romance, unless they are relieved by unusually clever characters. Longfellow's story lacks one element of the requisite combination. His friends spoke of it guardedly. There were other romances in the field, and opportunity was offered for comparison. But the poems entitled "By the Seaside" and "By the Fireside" (1850) aroused all the old enthusiasm. Most striking among these is "The Building of the Ship," the conclusion of which is the classic apostrophe of the Union. "Resignation" has all the intensity of the sorrow which called it forth.

The routine of college life was becoming

wearisome. The poet was now in easy circumstances. His books yielded a fair income. The time had come when he could carry on his literary work without the interruptions which the duties of a professorship occasioned. He therefore resigned (1854), and was succeeded by James Russell Lowell.

In the Journal for June 2, 1854, is the entry: "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one, and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme." And again, on the 28th: "Work at 'Manabozho'; or, as I think I shall call it, 'Hiawatha,'—that being another name for the same personage." The poem was completed and published in 1855. "Hiawatha" is certainly not an American epic, nor "the nearest approach to an American epic," as has been asserted; nor can it in any sense be compared to "Beówulf," as one writer has ventured to compare it. There is a vast difference between "Beówulf" and "Hiawatha." The former is a national poem, the expression of a people's traditions and ideals, according to their own poetic instincts. "Hiawatha" is a series of pictures of Indian life drawn by a cultured American, who, for literary purposes, overlooks the real character of

the Indian; from a heterogeneous bundle of attributes and conditions abstracts one,—life in the open air,—and then represents him as a child of nature. We Americans might object to owning Hiawatha as our ideal. But no one will hesitate to acknowledge him as the idol of the American boy, the attractive personage with whom many happy hours have been spent. Nor can one deny the artistic claims of the apparently artless story—the swinging lines fitly bound together, the repetitions which echo in one's ears, the clear, pure atmosphere which the author's own personality has suffused about the whole. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of a writer to contribute so largely to the pleasure of youthful readers.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish," which has neither the interest nor the literary value of "Evangeline," appeared in 1858. The poem was well received, however, and encouraged the author to continue writing tales. The plan of "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," published between 1865 and 1874, was, of course, derived from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The Red Horse in Sudbury takes the place of the Tabard in Southwark. The characters represent actual persons; whether or not they met at the Inn is another question. The stories were drawn from all sources: "Paul Revere's Ride" and "Lady Wentworth," from New England

tradition; "The Saga of Olaf," from the Norse; "Charlemagne" and others, from French romance; one, "The Birds of Killingworth," is, it is asserted, the poet's own.

Of the remaining volumes—*Flower de Luce* (1867), *The Masque of Pandora* (1875), *Kéramos* (1878), *Ultima Thule* (1880), *In the Harbor* (posthumous, 1882)—little need be said. One poem has hardly attained the currency it deserves—"The Hanging of the Crane," a history of the home in panoramic pictures. But, as a whole, the latest efforts added little to the reputation of their author. American thought has undergone changes during the past sixty years; and from the movements that brought them about Longfellow remained stolidly aloof. In his latter days American literature was not the meagre growth he had found it in the beginning of the century. Perhaps it had risen above the standards he had set for himself.

In addition to the poems mentioned there are several plays: *The Spanish Student* (1843), *Judas Maccabœus* (1872, *Michael Angelo* (posthumous, 1883), and *Christus*, a trilogy including "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New England Tragedies," the whole designed to show the course of Christianity. The drama has a fascination for all

poets, principally on account of its associations with the past. But to one successful attempt at play-writing there are many failures. The demands of the classic drama, such as a great poet must aim at, are so multifarious that few can meet them.

Moreover, academic duties and interest in literature in general called forth textbooks and compendiums of various kinds. The translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* was purely a labor of love.

It was a busy life that ended on March 24, 1882. Though not so eventful as the lives of great men usually are, it was none the less sublime on that account. Its even course was disturbed by the shocking death of Mrs. Longfellow, in 1861: her dress caught fire from a match that had fallen lighted upon the floor, and from the injuries received she died within twenty-four hours. But the poet was not accustomed to parade his griefs before the public His own theories urged resignation and devotion to duty; and is it not his chief glory that he was the best exponent of his theories? The world readily recognizes the claims of sincerity. It was to the man as well as to the poet that two continents did honor. In 1868, when he visited Europe for the fourth time, the great English universities acknowledged his

services to literature by conferring upon him the highest academic degrees; the great men of England, France, and Germany saw in him the highest type of manhood. Nor were his own countrymen backward. Pilgrimages to Cambridge became the fashion. But the most significant of all is the well-known tribute of the children of Cambridge to the author of "The Village Blacksmith."

And how stands it with his poetry? There is no need of denying natural limitations. He himself conceded them when he said, "With me all deep feelings are silent ones." The masterpieces of literature owe their origin to deep feelings that are not silent. Longfellow was thus restricted to the expression of common emotions; yet for that very reason he reached a larger circle of readers than a greater intensity could have hoped to reach. And so, while his poems may lack a certain force which we expect to find in verse of the highest order, they nevertheless belong among

"The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces."[1]

[1] "The Seaside and the Fireside." Dedication.

THE ACADIANS[1]

AFTER the discovery of America it became a custom for the monarchs of Europe, especially those of England and France, to grant to such of their subjects as wished to undertake the enterprise, the right to colonize certain portions of the New World. These districts were always described in vague terms; in fact, the grantors themselves did not know what they were giving. In this way it happened that the two peoples frequently came to regard themselves each as the sole possessor of the same stretch of territory. For instance, in 1579 Queen Elizabeth granted to Sir Humphrey Gilbert a patent "for the discovering, or occupying, and peopling such remote, heathen, and barbarous countries, as were not actually possessed by any Christian People." Acting under this grant Sir Humphrey took possession of Newfoundland. Similarly certain Frenchmen, with equal powers from their sovereign, reached and attempted to colonize what is now Canada. They named their land, with no well-defined limits, Nova Scotia.

The peninsula which we call Nova Scotia was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, in the English

[1] Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia*; Smith's *Acadia*; Hannay's *History of Acadia*; Murdock's *History of Nova Scotia*; Gayarré's *History of Louisiana*.

service. Its settlement, however, is due to the French. The first attempt to colonize it was made by the Marquis de la Roche, in 1598. The Marquis was forced by unfavorable conditions to return to France, leaving the settlers to get along as best they might. They probably perished. More successful was the attempt of De Monts, who was made governor-general of the province by Henry IV in 1603. Two years later De Monts planted the first permanent French colony in America, at Port Royal, in what he called Acadia. From this time the growth of the settlement was rapid. But the names Nova Scotia and Acadia were used indiscriminately in the documents; and in subsequent treaties neither party was slow to take advantage of the confusion arising from this fact.

The English and the French had been enemies for centuries in the Old World, and it was only to be expected that their quarrels should be carried on by their representatives in the New. The English were constantly encroaching upon what the French regarded as their exclusive territory. For one hundred and fifty years (1605-1750) Nova Scotia, or Acadia, passed back and forth like a tennis ball. By the treaty of Breda (1667) England was to give up all claim to Acadia. But in the course of Queen Anne's War, Port Royal was taken by English and colonial troops. Its name

was changed to Annapolis, in honor of the Queen, and encouragement was given to the inhabitants of Massachusetts colony to settle there. Under the terms of the treaty of Utrecht (1713) the natives were to hold their lands subject to the crown of England and were to be protected in the exercise of their religion —Roman Catholic. The natives, in consequence of these conditions, were known henceforth as Neutrals.

For many years the English did not succeed in making a flourishing settlement in Acadia. Finally, in 1749, the matter was taken up seriously: they disliked to see so fertile a district given over to the French without making an effort to get possession of it. In that year it was resolved to send out a colony, and, in order to secure settlers of the right kind, farms were to be granted to all who would undertake to improve them. Lord Cornwallis was made governor. In June he and his settlers arrived in Chebucto Bay, on the southern coast and, after exploring to find a suitable place for a town, founded Halifax, named after Lord Halifax, who had taken a lively interest in the project.

This move made the question of ownership of the peninsula a matter of some importance. The English and the French were now living in close proximity. The former were bent upon securing a firm footing in the land. The French

were equally determined to prevent such a misfortune. Hence arose the troubles which ensued in the expulsion of the Acadians. The French asserted that the English were interlopers, and had no right to attempt settlement without permission previously obtained; because the Acadia ceded to them by the treaty of Utrecht was not the Acadia that Lord Cornwallis had invaded with his army of colonists. The English, on the other hand, maintained their right by reference to that treaty, and further insisted that the French had forfeited its privileges by hindering the new settlers and by inciting the Indians to war against them. Here was a serious misunderstanding. It was decided to refer the case to commissioners of both the mother countries. Of course the conference came to no conclusion.

Meanwhile, in the province discontent was rife. Lord Cornwallis summoned the Neutrals to take the oath of allegiance to his sovereign, and to promise assistance in case of war with the Indians or others, under penalty of losing their possessions. The French objected to the promise of assistance on the ground that the Indians would resent it, and requested the privilege of disposing of their possessions and leaving the country. To this Cornwallis rejoined that according to the treaty of Utrecht they were to leave, if at all, within one year, and that

the right of withdrawing had expired by limitation. Conditions at this time were not favorable to a peaceable termination of the matter.

The outbreak of the French and Indian War, in 1754, brought the affair to a crisis. It now became a question of supremacy. In 1755 a determined effort was to be made to dislodge the French from their strongholds. The most important of these was Beau Sejour, in the district now called Cumberland. An expedition set out under Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, with Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, appointed by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts Bay Colony, in charge of colonial troops. The fortress was easily reduced. Winslow discovered, or professed to have discovered, that the Neutrals had been actively engaged in the defence of the fort. What was to be done with the offenders, who, according to the terms of the treaty of Utrecht, were traitors? After careful deliberation the commanders decided that the best course was to transport and disperse them among the British colonies, in the hope that the example of the loyal subjects of England might in time make Englishmen out of them. Accordingly, the following proclamation was issued: "To the inhabitants of the district of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, &c.: as well ancient, as young men and lads."

"Whereas his Excellency the Governor, has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency, being desirous that each of them shall be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him; We therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabiants, as well of the above District, as of all the other Districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend the Church at Grand-Pré, on Friday the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted, on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.—Given at Grand-Pré, 2d September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's Reign.

JOHN WINSLOW."

In response to this summons four hundred and eighteen men assembled in the church. They found themselves prisoners there; for, say the historians, "even the church had been converted into an arsenal." Colonel Winslow told them that, in consequence of their abuse of the indulgence shown them by the Crown, the authorities had decided upon rigorous measures: "their lands, tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts were forfeited to the king,

with all other their effects, saving money and household goods, and they themselves to be removed from the Province."

The surprise of the Acadians was complete. The colonel had cleverly worded his proclamation so as to give no clew to the character of the message he was to deliver. Escape was impossible, for the church was surrounded by soldiers. But the news quickly spread. Those who could escaped to the woods. They were not safe even there. The country was laid waste, houses were burned, and the more obstinate were reached by threatening the lives of their friends. On the 10th of September, 1755, more than a thousand persons, "the whole male population of the district of Minas," were drawn up in lines, to be driven upon the transports. The women and children were loaded on boats as fast as boats could be provided. As if to deprive the exiles of even the hope of return, their homes were burned while the transports were still in sight of land. The method of removal necessarily led to the separation of families, and thus deprived many of the unfortunates of the consolation the dearest associations of life might have afforded. They were taken to different provinces, and, if the truth must be told, were not very kindly received, except in Louisiana. For instance, a gentleman of Philadelphia, upon their arrival in Pennsyl-

vania, is said to have breathed a prayer that "God might be pleased to grant success against all copper-colored cannibals and French savages, equally cruel and perfidious in their natures." In Louisiana, where kindred speech won for the exiles the good-will of the colonists, farming implements were furnished them at the expense of the government, and they were permitted to settle along the Mississippi between the German Coast and Baton Rouge, a district which came to be called the Acadian Coast.

Remonstrances were sent to the king, without avail. One from the exiles in Pennsylvania recites at length the hardships undergone at home and abroad, and gives the experience of René Leblanc, named in the poem, as an instance: "He was seized, confined, and brought away from the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different Colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and two youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than of any of us, notwithstanding his many years labour and deep suffering for your Majesty's service."

Half the romance of the expulsion would be lost without the Abbé Reynal's account of life

in the district of Minas. The people were industrious and, by constructing dikes, made the rich soil of the lowlands yield fifteen or twenty for one. The community supplied all its own wants; if any of the inhabitants desired luxuries, they could be procured by barter in Annapolis or Louisburg. Money was not needed. "Even the small quantity of gold and silver which had been introduced into the Colony did not inspire that activity in which consists its real value. There was seldom cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the Court of Judicature, established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among them were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills; for which, and their religious services, the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest, which was always sufficient to afford more means than there were objects of generosity. Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren; every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind. . . .

As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks."

Too much credence should not be given to this account. One must remember that a Frenchman is speaking of Frenchmen who received a wrong at the hands of Englishmen; and that the narrator wishes to make the wrong appear as a great crime. The Acadians were certainly not faultless. Their interests were united with those of France; and their dislike of the English doubtless led them to take great risks in times when the fortunes of war might have turned the scale to the side of France as easily as to that of England. It was but natural that the English should retaliate when the opportunity came. Perhaps retaliation upon the whole people was unjust when only a few may have been at fault. The opinions of the historians are divided. One says that the lands of the Acadians were unusually fertile and the English coveted them; hence the expulsion. Another asserts that the Acadians might have remained if they had been willing to renew their oath of allegiance; that the refusal to do so was naturally, or at least not unnaturally, construed as an act of hostility. Whatever our judgment

as to the historical facts may be, we may still feel the poetic charm and the tender pathos of Longfellow's poem.

THE METRE OF "EVANGELINE"

The metre in which "Evangeline" is written is called dactylic hexameter. Each verse contains six feet (hence the name hexameter). In the normal verse each foot except the last consists of an accented followed by two unaccented syllables (dactyl). The last foot has one accented and one unaccented syllable (trochee). If we represent accented and unaccented syllables by the letters *a* and *u* respectively, the structure of the normal verse is as follows:—

auu | *auu* | *auu* | *auu* | *auu* | *au*
This is the | forest pri-|meval. The | murmuring | pines and the | hemlocks.
Naught | but tra-|dition re-|mains of the | beautiful | village of | Grand-Pré.
Yet under | Benedict's | roof hospi-|tality | seemed more a-|bundant.
Touched were their | hearts at her | story, and | warmest and | friendliest | welcome.

As a succession of perfectly regular verses would prove monotonous, substitutions are frequently made, usually a trochee for a dactyl. Such a substitution may be made in any foot:

Strongly | built were the | houses, with | *frames of* | oak and of | hemlock.

Waste are those | *pleasant* | farms, and the | farmers for-|ever de-|parted.
Blomidon | rose and the | *forest* | old, and a-|loft on the | mountains.
Shone on her | face and en-|circled her | *form, when* | after con-|fession.
Into this | wonderful | land, at the | base of the | *Ozark* | Mountains.

A trochee is not often found in the fifth foot.

Frequently a verse contains more than one substituted foot:

Men whose | lives glided | *on like* | rivers that | water the | woodlands.
List to a | *Tale of* | *Love in* | Acadie, | home of the | happy.
Distant, se-|*cluded,* | *still, the* | *little* | village of | Grand-Pré.
Stand like | *harpers* | *hoar, with* | *beards that* | rest on their | bosoms.
Not in | *word a-*|lone, but in | *deed, to* | love one an-|other.

Monotony is further relieved by varying the position of the pauses. Obviously, pauses must be made in so long a verse, and their occurrence in any fixed place would give the reader an unpleasant jolt. The rhythmical pause may or may not be indicated by punctuation. In the examples that follow, *double*, *single*, and *half* strokes are intended to give a clew to the length of the pause.

There disorder prevailed, | and the tumult and stir | of embarking.||
Busily plied the freighted boats; | and in the confusion |
Wives were torn from their husbands, | and mothers, | too late, | saw their children
Left on the land, | extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.||
So | unto separate ships | were Basil and Gabriel carried, |
While | in despair | on the shore | Evangeline stood with her father.||
Half the task was not done | when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; | and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, | and left the line of the sandbeach
Covered with waifs of the tide, | with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.||
Farther back | in the midst of the household goods and the wagons, |
Like to a gypsy camp, | or a leaguer after a battle, |
All escape cut off by the sea, | and the sentinels near them, |
Lay | encamped for the night | the homeless Acadian farmers.

It will be noticed that the linking of verses together has much to do with oral reading. Verse structure and sentence structure may correspond: ll. 171, 382, 509, 568, 624, 863, etc. In such a case the sentence is usually a topic sentence. But as a rule the sentence is

carried on from one verse to another, and this necessitates pauses of varying length at the end of the lines. For instance, ll. 569 and 570 are not so closely connected as are ll. 570 and 571: the prepositional phrase in l. 569 would be followed by a pause even in prose; the word *left,* l. 571, cannot be so separated from the group immediately preceding it. Notice ll. 574-5, 578-9. Further illustrations will be found in ll. 53-4, 83-4, 100-1, 137-8, 270-1, 561-2, 565-6.

The scansion of the line offers few difficulties. In general, a safe rule to follow is, accent the first syllable and the rest will take care of itself. The student may be aided by the device of beating out several lines to some familiar air in waltz time.

Although Longfellow was not the first to use the English hexameter, he did more than any other to establish it among our poetic forms, and, consequently, came in for some harsh criticism. The argument is briefly as follows: in Latin and Greek the principle of verse is quantity, in English it is accent; the classic hexameter invariably ends with two long syllables (spondee), exactly equivalent in time to the dactyl, and the same combination may be substituted for the dactyl in certain other positions in the verse; in English the spondee must be represented by the trochee; the classic hexameter cannot, therefore, be reproduced in

English. Occasionally the effect of the spondee may be suggested, when two words having equal or nearly equal sentence stress are brought together: ll. 47, 166, 185, 274, 308, 345, etc. But such occurrences are rare. Still it is hardly worth while to argue the case; Longfellow adopted the measure, and the poems clothed in it cannot be annihilated by a technical objection. John Forster who, like many other critics, could not reconcile himself to the use of the hexameter in English poetry, wrote: "You have done more with it than any other writer." In so far as "Evangeline" is concerned, the lingering lines harmonize with the solemn and melancholy tone of the story.

Gulf of
St Lawrence
Aspey
Cape
Breton
Prince Edward I.
Northumberland Strait
Louisburg
New Brunswick
St. John
Beau Sejour
(Amherst)
Cornwallis
Blomidon
Gulf of Minas
Atlantic
Ocean
Maine
Bay of Fundy
Minas
Grand-Pre
Sherbrooke
Halifax
Grand
Manan
Port Royal
(Annapolis)
Nova Scotia
Liverpool
Cape Sable
Map of
EVANGELINE
Country
(Part the First)

Ozark Mountains
Tennessee
Oklahoma
Arkansas R.
Arkansas
Mississippi
Louisiana
Adayes
Watchitoches
Red R.
Texas
Mississippi R.
Map of
EVANGELINE
Country
(Part the Second)
Opelousas
Baton Rouge
L. Pontchartrain
St. Maur
St. Martinville
Acadian Coast
New Orleans
Atchafalaya Bay
Gulf of Mexico

EVANGELINE

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval.° The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld,° with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers° hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe,° when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened° by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.°

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie,° home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,°
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields,
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon° rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy° built in the reign of the Henries.°
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;° and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles°
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs° spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping° looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon° from the belfry
Softly the Angelus° sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.°
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth° and stately in form was the man of seventy winters°;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine° that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth° was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop°
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads° and her missal,°

Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,°
Such° as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains° and the antique° ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,°
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.°
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.°
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.°

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,°
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time,° throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.°
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy,° through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they° were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky° was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine° of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion° enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob° of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.°
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints°!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian° adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,°
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent° of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny° hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,°
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.°
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors.
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his armchair

Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter° plates on the dresser°
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated.

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle°
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside: —
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill,° and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."°
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate°
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —

"Louisburg° is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour,° nor Port Royal.°
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer: —
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.°
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe° round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.°

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary° entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.°
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou° in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore° of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace, and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible° blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city,° whose name I no longer remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,°
Naming the dower° of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board° out of its corner.
Soon the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or successful manœuvre,°
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,°
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,° and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness°
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar°!

IV

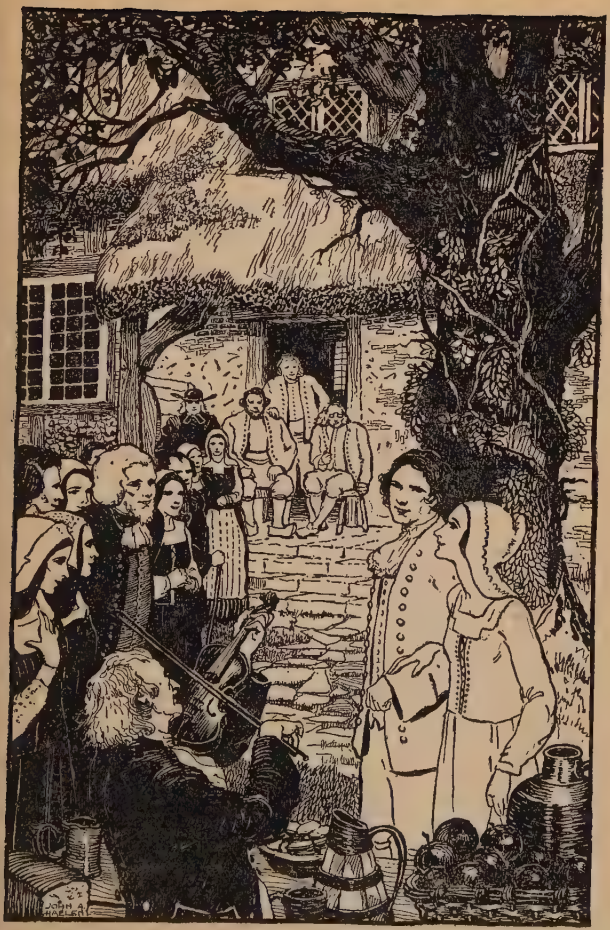
Pleasantly rose next morning the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas.
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands° at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund° laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle.
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,° and *Le Carillon de Dunquerque,*°
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous



Not far withdrawn from these, by the ciderpress and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed . . .

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander,° and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seal, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice° of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows.
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations°
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted, —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel° opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien,° and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's° alarum,° distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition° succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria°
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,°
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned° its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey
fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese
fresh brought from the dairy,
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-
chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door,
as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad
ambrosial° meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance
celestial ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and for-
giveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into
the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful
hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps
they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary
feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden,
glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet°
descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the An-
gelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave° of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smoldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.°
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, —
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake° these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried.
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent° ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs° of the tide, with kelp° and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer° after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard, —
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.°
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.°
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"Benedicite!"° murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like° stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.°
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds° and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious° slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —

"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges°
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,° into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,°—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters°
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.°
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois° are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.

He is a voyageur° in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."°
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards° and thorns of existence.
Let me essay,° O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps; —
Not through each devious° path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,°
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin° among the few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.°
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling° waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees,° in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous° boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac° laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,°
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure°
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades° and corridors leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant° branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.°
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope° of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous° stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee° of the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes° had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous° fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning,

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.°
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche,° are the towns of St. Maur° and St. Martin.°
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana!"

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.°
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,°
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf° of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes° to trade for mules with the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,°
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,°
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant° blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal° demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;°
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

Far down the Beautiful River, . . .
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by
Acadian boatmen.

After your houses are built, and your fields
are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you
away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and steal-
ing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud
from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering
down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Feli-
cian, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-
way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words
were milder and gayer:—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware
of the fever!
For it is not, like that of our cold Acadian
climate,
Cured° by wearing a spider hung round one's
neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and
footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the
breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles° and small
Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of
Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music

Heard she the sound of the sea,° and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.°
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,°
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."°
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-poorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns° of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.°
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell," answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they the trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous° landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway.
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon° flows and the Walleway° and Owyhee.°

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,°
Through the Sweet-water Valley° precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout° and the Spanish sierras,°
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,°
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn° bear, the anchorite° monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and the crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,°
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,

When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana°
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Comanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis°;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus,
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit° Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,°
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus° and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded° floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant° crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turnéd to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower,° that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel° flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe." °

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold° and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers° and distant far was seen the wandering maiden:—
Now in the Tents of Grace° of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan° shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads° whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent;
Patience and abnegation° of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence° fell on the city,

Presaged° by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish° lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse,° home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes° in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous,° careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets° they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew,° with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" . . .

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval°; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NOTES

LINE 1. **primeval:** belonging to the first age; very ancient.

l. 3. **Druids:** priests of the Celts, the earliest inhabitants of Britain and France. Groves of oak were the chosen retreat of the Druids. What grew on that tree was thought to be a gift from heaven, more especially the mistletoe. When thus found, the latter was cut with a golden knife by a priest clad in a white robe, and two white bulls were sacrificed on the spot. The Druids called the mistletoe "all heal." Compare *mystic mistletoe*, l. 889. **eld:** age, antiquity. A native English word. A.-S. yldo, derived from the adjective eald, old. The word *eld* is no longer used except in poetry, though we still employ the comparative *elder*.

l. 4. **harpers.** Now less common than *harpist*. **Hoar.** Hoary or white with age. Note how frequently alliteration is employed in this poem.

l. 8. **roe:** a variety of deer.

l. 11. **Darkened,** etc. Show how this line explains the comparison made in the preceding line.

l. 15. **Grand-Pré.** The name means *great meadow*. See ll. 22-23.

l. 19. **Acadie.** The country now called Nova Scotia was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, in 1497. Later Verrazani took possession of the territory in the name of the King of France. In early records it is variously called Cadie, Arcadia, Accadia, and L'Acadie; the name was probably of Indian derivation.

l. 20. **Minas.** That is, *Les Mines*, from the copper mines said to lie about it.

l. 29. **Blomidon.** A rocky cape, to the north of Grand-Pré.

l. 34. **Normandy.** The province in France from which many of the Acadians came. The picture here presented is familiar to visitors to the Normandy of today. **The Henries.** The French kings Henry III and Henry IV (1574-1610), in whose reigns Acadia was settled.

l. 35. **dormer-windows:** vertical windows projecting from a sloping roof.

l. 39. **kirtles:** close-fitting gowns worn by Norman peasants.

l. 40. **distaffs:** staves used to hold bunches of wool, flax, etc., in spinning.

l. 41. **gossiping.** Is this word well-chosen? Why?

l. 48. **Anon:** soon.

l. 49. **Angelus:** a bell sounded at morning, noon, and evening, when a service is held to commemorate the incarnation of Christ. See the famous painting by Millet.

l. 54. **envy.** Do you agree with the poet that envy is peculiarly the vice of republics?

l. 62. **Stalworth.** A Middle English form, corrupted in Modern English to *stalwart*. A.-S. *staelwyre,* serviceable. The word teaches something about Anglo-Saxon manners, inasmuch as by derivation it means *good or worthy at stealing,* hence *brave.* **Winters.** What common figure in this word? Compare *summers,* l. 65. Notice how the figures are developed.

l. 68. **kine:** An old plural of *cow.*

l. 70. **sooth:** An old word meaning *truth,* now used only in poetry.

l. 72. **hyssop:** a plant, the twigs of which were used in Hebrew times in the ceremony of purification.

l. 74. **chaplet of beads:** a rosary, or string of beads, representing prayers used in the Roman service; **missal:** the Roman Catholic mass-book.

l. 87. **penthouse:** originally a shed or roof, usually sloping from a wall or a building.

l. 88. **Such as the traveller sees.** The reference here is to the wayside shrines erected in Catholic countries, for the convenience of travelers.

l. 93. **wains.** wagons. **antique:** old-fashioned.

l. 94. **seraglio:** harem.

l. 96. **Penitent Peter.** See "Matthew" XXVI.

l. 99. **corn-loft.** Here the word *corn* doubtless means wheat or other small grain, as in the *Bible*, or in England today.

l. 102. **mutation:** change, an appropriate theme for the song of a weathercock.

l. 108. **by the darkness befriended.** Why does the timid suitor feel that the darkness is a friend?

l. 117. **For since the birth of time.** Like many a village boy, Longfellow was always thrilled by a blacksmith shop. One of his best-known poems, "The Village Blacksmith," furnishes an interesting comparison with ll. 124-133. Possibly one reason for the prominence of the smith in ancient history is that he alone could make the tools, weapons, and armor that men could not do without. What do you know of Hephaestus and the Cyclops? of Vulcan? of Wieland? In the Anglo-Saxon poem *Beowulf*, a shirt-of-mail which one king sends as a gift to another is said to be "best of garments, the work of Wieland." Wayland Smith is a mysterious and very interesting character in Scott's *Kenilworth*, and in Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

l. 122. **plain-song:** a chant, not extending beyond the compass of an octave.

l. 130. **smithy.** Both this word and its ally *stithy* have, unfortunately, been displaced in the common language by the cumbersome *blacksmith shop*.

l. 133. **they:** the sparks.

l. 139. **Lucky.** From early times this stone was regarded as a miraculous remedy.

l. 144. **Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.** Saint Eulalie's day is the 12th of February.

l. 149. **Scorpion.** The sun enters the sign Scorpio about October 23.

l. 153. **Jacob.** See "Genesis" XXXII.

ll. 154-157. **thick was the fur of the foxes.** Do you know any other signs that are believed to forecast the weather? Why were such signs felt to be very important in early times?

l. 159. **All-Saints.** All-Saints' day falls on November 1.

The summer of All-Saints would, then, correspond to our Indian summer.

l. 170. **the Persian.** The historian Herodotus says that Xerxes, in the course of his march through Asia Minor, found a beautiful plane-tree, with which he fell in love. He decorated it with jewels of gold and appointed a steward to attend it.

l. 180-183. **watch-dog.** What breed of dog do you judge this to be?

l. 184. **Regent:** ruler.

l. 187. **briny hay:** hay that grows in the salt-marshes by the sea.

l. 188. **fetlocks:** the tufted projections just above the hoofs.

ll. 193-194. Note how the ringing and hissing consonants imitate the sound of milking.

l. 205. **pewter:** an alloy of tin, formerly much used in the making of vessels and dishes. **dresser:** a cupboard or set of shelves to receive cooking utensils.

l. 223. **settle:** a high-backed seat or bench.

l. 233. **Gloomy forebodings of ill:** the first hint of evil. The student should watch for other forebodings throughout the story.

l. 234. **horseshoe.** A natural remark for Basil to make.

l. 240. **mandate:** command.

l. 249. **Louisburg,** etc. Louisburg was captured by the English and colonial troops under General Pepperell in 1745 (King George's War). Beau Sejour surrendered to the English in 1755. **Port Royal,** the first permanent settlement made by the French in America, was taken by the English in 1710; it was retained by the latter under the terms of the peace of 1713, and its name was changed to Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne.

l. 259. **contract:** a contract of betrothal, a formal engagement of marriage.

l. 261. **glebe:** soil. Note the delightful old custom here described.

l. 262. **inkhorn:** a portable case made of horn, for ink and writing instruments. In the days when few people

were able to write, scholars and officials often bore inkhorns as necessary equipment.

l. 267. **notary:** a public officer, whose business is to acknowledge signatures of deeds, contracts, and other documents.

l. 272. **supernal:** celestial, heavenly. The use of this word gives a light touch of satire to the picture of the notary.

l. 280. **Loup-garou.** According to popular superstition the *loup-garou* or, in English, the *werwolf* (*man-wolf*), is a man who, because of a beastly appetite for human flesh, at times changes himself into a wolf, or who is changed against his will as a result of a charm or curse. This superstition has been prevalent in many parts of the world and from remote ages.

l. 287. **lore:** learning, here equivalent to the compound *folklore*.

l. 297. **irascible:** fiery, hot-tempered.

l. 306 ff. **Once in an ancient city.** This is an old Florentine story. (Scudder.)

l. 334. **parties.** Is the word correctly used here?

l. 335. **dower:** *dowry,* the money or property which a woman brings to her husband in marriage. The Acadians had little money, conducting most of their business affairs by barter; consequently the dower was "in flocks of sheep and in cattle." See also ll. 364-368.

l. 344. **draught-board:** checker-board, so called because the checkers are drawn from one square to another.

l. 346. **manoeuvre.** Now usually spelled *maneuver*.

l. 348. **embrasure:** the enlargement of a door or window on the inside of the wall, to give more room.

l. 354. **curfew.** The bell rung at an early hour of the evening (8 or 9 o'clock), to notify inhabitants of the village to extinguish lights and fires. The name is from the French: *couvre feu,* cover fire.

l. 376. **a feeling of sadness.** What value has this statement in the development of the story?

l. 381. **Ishmail wandered with Hagar.** "Genesis" XVI.

l. 386. **hundred hands.** Labor is compared to the hundred-handed giant Briareus.

l. 389. **jocund:** merry, gay.

l. 413. Old French songs with which Longfellow became acquainted in 1846.

l. 430. **commander:** Colonel Winslow; see Introduction.

l. 442. **solstice of summer:** about June 21. Look up this interesting word in a good dictionary.

l. 451. **cries and fierce imprecations . . . house of prayer.** Notice the effective contrast. *Imprecations* are *curses.*

l. 461. **chancel:** the part of a church that is reserved for the use of the priest.

l. 462. **mien:** bearing.

l. 466. **tocsin.** a signal bell. **alarum:** a Middle English form, still used in the dialects. It is a corruption of *alarm,* similar to the present vulgar pronunciation of ellum for elm, fillum for film.

l. 480. **contrition:** sorrow, repentance.

l. 484. **Ave Maria:** the *Hail Mary,* a prayer used in the Roman Catholic Church.

l. 485. **translated:** literally raised to heaven as Elijah was.

l. 492. **emblazoned:** literally, adorned with coats-of-arms; here, decorated in golden color.

l. 498: **ambrosial:** sweet, fragrant, like *ambrosia,* the food of the gods.

l. 507. **Prophet:** Moses. "Exodus" XXXIV. Like many other poets, Longfellow makes frequent allusions to the Bible. How many such references have occurred thus far?

l. 513. **gloomier grave of the living.** What is this?

l. 517 ff. **Sadly,** etc. Contrast Evangeline's situation with that of the previous evening.

l. 561. **spake.** Why not *spoke?*

l. 575. **refluent:** flowing back, ebbing.

l. 577. **waifs:** strays, homeless wanderers. **kelp:** a large brown seaweed.

l. 579. **leaguer:** the camp of a besieging army.

ll. 596-97. **Shipwrecked Paul.** A very apt reference. See "Acts" XXVII, XXVIII.

599-601. **Haggard . . . taken.** Is this an effective comparison?

l. 605. **Benedicite:** Bless you! One of the forms of salutation used by priests.

l. 615. **Titan-like.** In Greek mythology the Titans were a race of giants. Atlas, who supported the heavens, was a Titan.

l. 618. **roadstead:** an anchorage for ships. *Stead* is an old word for *place* or *spot,* still alive in *homestead.*

l. 621. **gleeds:** live coals.

l. 644. **oblivious:** forgetful.

l. 660. **dirges:** funeral songs or chants.

l. 668. **household gods:** traditions. The expression is a rendering of the Latin *Penates,* which was applied to the images of ancestors and protecting deities, to be found in every Roman home.

l. 674. **savannas:** plains, meadows.

l. 675. **Father of Waters:** The Mississippi.

l. 677. **mammoth.** Geologists have unearthed remains of mastodons and elephants in various parts of North America, from the Gulf to the Arctic circle.

l. 705. **Coureurs-des-bois:** literally, runners-of-the-woods, hunters.

l. 707. **voyageur:** the name of one of a class of men employed to transport supplies to the posts of the early trading companies, usually in canoes.

l. 713. **to braid St. Catherine's tresses:** a French saying meaning to remain single.

l. 732. **shards:** Brittle fragments of broken dishes, shells, etc.

l. 734. **devious:** winding, irregular.

ll. 733-40. **Let me essay . . . outlet.** This beautiful comparison is worthy of careful study. As the reader continues, he should observe to what degree the poet succeeds in his attempt.

l. 741. **the Beautiful River:** the Ohio, which the French called *La Belle Riviere.*

l. 749. **kith and kin:** an Old English alliterative phrase, meaning acquaintances and relatives. Other similar expressions are *bed and board, have and hold, weal and woe.* Can you add any others?

l. 750. **Acadian coast. . . . Opelousas.** See map.

l. 758. **wimpling:** rippling, like a wimple, or veil.

l. 761. **china-trees:** trees of an Asiatic variety, planted for their beauty and shade in the tropics and the southern parts of the United States.

l. 769. **tenebrous:** dark, gloomy.

l. 774. **demoniac.** Is this word aptly chosen?

l. 782. **mimosa:** also called the sensitive plant.

l. 791. **peradventure.** Now in poetic use only. Compare with *perchance* and *perhaps*.

l. 793. **collonades:** rows of columns. What are the "dark colonnades and corridors leafy"?

l. 797. **reverberant:** echoing.

l. 814. **invited.** Generally used with an object.

l. 819. **cope:** literally, a hood or head-covering.

l. 822. **pendulous:** suspended, hanging.

l. 836. **lee:** the side not exposed to the wind.

l. 842. **tholes:** pins in the side of a boat to keep the oars in place.

l. 848. **credulous:** easily deceived.

l. 854. **illusions.** What is the difference between *illusions* and *delusions?*

l. 856. **Teche; St. Maur; St. Martin.** See map.

l. 878. **Bacchantes:** women who took part in orgies in honor of Bacchus, the god of wine.

l. 890. **Yule-tide:** Christmas-tide.

l. 911. **surf.** Keeping up the figure of the sea in the preceding lines. The great prairies of the West reminded every observer of the ocean.

l. 952. **Adayes:** a town in northwestern Louisiana, a few miles from Natchitoches.

l. 953. **Ozark Mountains:** a range of hills south of the Missouri river in Missouri, Arkansas, and Oklahoma.

l. 961. **Olympus:** a mountain in Greece, fabled to be the abode of the gods.

l. 970. **ci-devant:** former.

l. 971. **patriarchal:** venerable.

l. 973. **numberless herds.** The great herds of wild cattle and horses that roamed the Southwest in early days were descended from animals brought by the Spaniards.

l. 1006. **cured,** etc. Compare l. 285.

l. 1009. **Creoles:** descendants of French or Spanish settlers of the Gulf States.

l. 1025. **Heard she the sound of the sea.** Did she actually hear it?

l. 1033. **Carthusian:** a monk of the order founded by St. Bruno in 1080.

l. 1041. **the thoughts of God in the heavens.** Compare with ll. 351-352. Which figure do you like better?

l. 1044. **Upharsin:** the last of the warning words written by the hand of the angel on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. "Daniel" v.

l. 1057. **oracular caverns:** resembling the cave at Delphi, in Greece, where the gods delivered their messages to men.

ll. 1059-61. **all the flowers . . . crystal.** Is this another of Longfellow's many Biblical references? See "Luke" vii.

l. 1075. **garrulous:** talkative, wordy.

l. 1082. **Oregon:** the Columbia, formerly so called. **Walleway.** In northwestern Oregon. **Owyhee.** In northern Nevada.

l. 1083. **Wind-River Mountains.** In Wyoming

l. 1084. **Sweet-Water.** The name of a river in Wyoming.

l. 1085. **Fontaine-que-bout:** the French name of a creek emptying into the Arkansas at Pueblo, Colorado. The phrase means "boiling spring." **sierras:** sawlike ridges of mountains.

l. 1095. **Ishmael's children.** Why is this name given to the Indians? See "Genesis" XVI.

l. 1102. **tactiturn:** silent. **anchorite:** hermit.

l. 1106. **at the base of the Ozark Mountains.** Does this phrase modify *land* or *had entered?*

l. 1114. **Fata Morgana:** the mirage, which deceives travelers in the desert.

ll. 1139-1145. **Mowis** and **Lilinau.** These legends may be found in Schoolcraft's *Hiawatha,* which Longfellow studied.

l. 1167. **Black Robe:** a name applied to priests by the Indians.

l. 1175. **Jesuit:** a member of the religious order *The Society of Jesus,* founded in 1540 by Ignatius Loyola. The

Jesuits were extremely active in missionary work; the early history of America abounds in chronicles of their heroism and devotion.

l. 1181. **vespers:** evening songs of worship.

l. 1182. **susurrus:** whispering, murmur.

l 1184. **swarded:** grassy.

l. 1211. **mendicant:** Begging. The squirrels are compared with mendicant friars.

l. 1219. **compass-flower:** a prairie plant, the leaves of which point north and south.

l. 1226. **asphodel:** a variety of flower supposed to grow in the Elysian Fields, the abodes of the blessed. **nepenthe:** a drug, possibly opium, which the ancients used to bring forgetfulness of sorrow.

l. 1229. **wold.** open country.

l. 1240. **divers:** various; the more common form is diverse.

l. 1241. **Tents of Grace:** a settlement in Ohio, founded by the Moravians, a Protestant sect that grew up in Austria and Bohemia.

l. 1253. **sylvan:** woody, abounding in forests. What is the meaning of *Pennsylvania?*

l. 1257. **Dryads:** nymphs of the woods.

l. 1282. **abnegation of self:** self-denial.

l. 1298. **pestilence:** The yellow fever scourge of 1793, vividly desribed by Charles Brockden Brown in *Arthur Mervyn.*

l. 1299. **presaged:** foretold.

l. 1304. **brackish:** salty or distasteful.

l. 1308. **almshouse.** An attempt has been made to identify the almshouse in which Evangeline ministered with the Quaker Home, formerly on Walnut Street, between Third and Fourth. However, Samuel Longfellow, in his *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,* Vol. I, p. 73, asserts that it was rather the Pennsylvania Hospital, between Eighth and Ninth, which the poet had seen early in life, and the picture of which remained in his mind.

l. 1328. **Swedes.** The Swedish settlers had erected a church at Wicaco early in the eighteenth century.

l. 1332. **assiduous:** eager, attentive.

l. 1335. **pallets:** cots or rude beds.

ll. 1355-1356. **Hebrew . . . over.** The institution of the Feast of the Passover. See "Exodus" XII. How many references to the *Bible* occur in the poem?

l. 1390 ff. What is the effect of this return at the conclusion to the language of the beginning?

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"Boys, a path!"

SNOW-BOUND
& OTHER EARLY POEMS

John
Greenleaf
Whittier

Edited by Archibald L. Bouton
Revised by H. Y. Moffett
Illustrated by John A. Haelen

The Macmillan Company

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Set up and electrotyped. Published June, 1908.
Revised edition with illustrations published September, 1929.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about . 13

Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go . . 29

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still . 89

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
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Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan! . . 171

INTRODUCTION

Whittier's Life and Work

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, on December 17, 1807. He was descended through several generations of Quaker ancestors on both his father's side and his mother's. Thomas Whittier, his first American ancestor, himself not a Quaker, though in strong sympathy with them, came to America in 1638. In 1647 he moved to the farm, three miles from Haverhill, which has ever since been known as the Whittier homestead. Here he built in 1688, it is supposed, the house, still standing, which is commemorated in "Snow-Bound." In it the poet was born, the second of four children, to John and Abigail Whittier.

Life upon the Whittier farm was of primitive simplicity. About thirty books, mostly religious, constituted the family library; but chief among them was the Bible. Of social life outside the little that lay within the walls of the home, the church, and the country school,

there was almost none. Of spelling-schools and singing-schools, of debating societies and lyceums, the usual diversions of New England rural life, at least at a slightly later period, we find few beginnings in the life of the Whittier family. Hard work upon a reluctant soil, with few comforts and no luxuries, were abiding characteristics; but animating all was the inspiration of a profound religious faith; underlying it was the Quaker love of freedom and the Puritan belief in the equality of all men before the law; while from the pages of "Snow-Bound" we know that there was no lack of zest in such simple pleasures as life in the Whittier homestead made possible.

With one important exception, Whittier's formal education was summed up in a few winters in the district school. When he was fourteen, the teacher brought to Whittier's home one evening a book of Burns's poems and read them to the family. It was the awakening of the boy's soul. Later a Scotch peddler introduced him to the charm of the true Scotch vernacular. Soon he began to compose verses of his own. His older sister, Mary, by stealth and without the boy's knowledge, sent one of his poems to the Newburyport *Free Press*, a weekly paper edited by the youthful William Lloyd Garrison, soon to become famous as leader of the Abolitionist movement against slavery. The

poem was published in the issue of June 8, 1826, and Whittier, in a daze of astonishment, saw his work in print for the first time when the mail carrier threw a copy of the paper to him as he worked by the roadside, helping his father repair a stone wall. In a few days Garrison himself, struck with the promise of the poem, came to the house to see young Whittier. It was the turning point in the boy's career.

The next winter he attended the Haverhill Academy, and, while he lived in the home of the editor of the Haverhill *Gazette,* earned his way by making slippers at eight cents a pair, ending the six months in Haverhill Academy with twenty-five cents in his pocket, precisely as at the beginning of the winter he had planned to do. His contact with Garrison and with the editor of the Haverhill *Gazette* gave him the opportunity to write for the press. Through Garrison's influence he obtained, at the age of twenty-one, a staff position on the *American Manufacturer,* published in Boston. This was the first of a series of editorial positions which he occupied with slight intermission during the ten years from 1830 to 1840, until failing health caused him permanently to resign all regular work of a routine sort and retire to a home at Amesbury, where he dwelt in quiet but not in idleness for the remainder of his days. Whittier, early in the period of

his editorial activities, developed much political talent, and nourished high political ambitions. It is probable that he would have been elected to Congress had he not chosen to ally himself with the Abolitionists in their antagonism to slavery.

This act of choice and renunciation, crucially determined by the deliberate publication, in 1833, of a prose pamphlet, entitled "Justice and Expediency, or Slavery Considered with a View to its Abolition," constituted the second great turning-point in Whittier's career. In common with many leading men of Massachusetts, he had already vigorously opposed slavery as an institution. As early as 1831 he had contributed to Garrison's paper, *The Liberator*. But before 1833 he had opposed slavery in more or less an extra-political way. Men at that time were, in general throughout the country, extremely anxious to keep slavery out of politics. Even in New England, abolition was violently unpopular. To oppose slavery was very well as a matter of moral principle; to exalt abolition into a principle of political action was a very different thing. It genuinely threatened the national safety—as the subsequent Civil War sufficiently proves. So long as Whittier did not propose political action against slavery, his immediate party associates acquiesced in such prin-

ciples as he held. But Whittier was a Quaker; and that meant, in this period of his life, not so much love of peace and quiet as hatred of all that contradicted the right of anybody to liberty—hatred of slavery. All the stored-up memories of the persecution and tyranny and martyrdom to which Quakers had been subjected in the seventeenth century in both the Old and New England were, it would seem, inherited by Whittier, and the second great period of his life, commencing with the publication of the pamphlet mentioned and the adoption of abolition as a principle of political action, began with the deliberate renunciation of a bright political future and the adoption of an unpopular propaganda. But he never regretted the act. When he was on old man, he gave this advice to a boy of fifteen, "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

In 1836 he went to Philadelphia and continued there until 1840, being after 1837 editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman.* During much of the same period he was secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and began then to contribute lyrics against slavery to *The National Era,* of Washington, D. C. It was in this paper that Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared. In 1838 his editorial offices were raided and burned by a mob; but Whittier, dis-

guised in a wig and long coat, entered his own office, along with the mob that would probably have taken his life if they had recognized him, and was able thereby to save many of his papers. Nor was this his only experience with mob peril. In New England, later, he narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered, and was often in danger of assault. Brave and determined as he was in agitation, and bitter as was the great controversy in which he was engaged, Whittier never lost a certain magnanimity which enabled him to yield sympathy and admiration to fine qualities in his opponents. To Calhoun he paid the tribute of deep respect, and his commemorative poem, "John Randolph of Roanoke," is conceived in a finely generous spirit. For all his whole-hearted partisanship, he had a certain poise, a breadth of vision in which Garrison and Phillips and his other Abolitionist associates were generally lacking. So at length it came to pass that, in spite of his affiliation with the Abolitionists, his influence as a political counsellor of some of the leading statesmen of the day was very great—immensely greater than his actual position in politics would seem to indicate. Properly to estimate his political services, however, one other factor needs consideration.

Whittier's poetic talent was by no means

rusting. From 1829 to 1832 he had published one hundred poems. In 1831 most of them with a few prose sketches were gathered into a pamphlet under the title, *Legends of New England in Prose and Verse,* and published. Five years later he published his first book, *Mogg Megone,* a long narrative poem somewhat in the style of Scott. In his later years the poet wished to suppress these earlier writings, and few lovers of Whittier now read them. All this work was merely a training for better things which he was already beginning to do. For twenty years, and in considerable measure for thirty, Whittier's poetic power was at the service of his great political and moral aim, the abolition of slavery. The human sympathy, the sincerity, the arousing force of these anti-slavery lyrics, these *Voices of Freedom,* made them political weapons, better than arguments, and perhaps second only to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in actual influence in swaying popular opinion against slavery. James Russell Lowell, certainly no mean judge, sums up Whittier's political work in these words: "Whenever occasion offered, some burning lyric flew across the country, like the fiery cross, to warn and rally. Never mingling in active politics (unless filling the office of presidential elector [in the years 1860 and 1864] may be called so), he prob-

ably did more than anybody in preparing the material out of which the Republican party was made."

Whittier's retirement to his home in Amesbury in 1840 had several important results; but chiefly, while cutting off any prospects of political advancement, it gave leisure for the broader development of his artistic nature. It brought time for reading, whereby he broadened his culture; and it gave quiet moments in which his imagination could build its fabric out of legend and memory, dream and faith—materials truer and more flexible to the poet's hand than the elements of political controversy. After the appearance of *Voices of Freedom* in 1846, and its reëdition in 1849, a distinct change gradually appears in the subject matter of Whittier's poetry. By the outbreak of Civil War he had almost ceased writing with reference to its great cause. Yet during the years from 1850 to 1861 he published some of his most popular and a little of his best work: in 1850, the Songs of Labor, in which many deem him most truly a national poet; later, a group of ballads of New England life, of which "Maud Muller" and "Skipper Ireson's Ride" are familiar and typical examples; and besides these a considerable quantity of miscellaneous poems, a few of which, like "The Barefoot Boy" and "The Pipes of Lucknow," are

included in the strictly limited group of poems that "every schoolboy knows."

The Civil War once begun, Whittier seemed to feel that the struggle against slavery had passed into other hands. Quaker as he was, he did not, however, oppose the war. His occasional patriotic lyrics were exhortations to faith in the national destiny, or expressions of rejoicing in triumph of the Union armies—expressions that found their magnificent culmination in "Laus Deo," written in 1865, when the unity of the nation was secure. Save for these flashes of the old fire of conflict, Whittier's spirit passed into the calm of contemplation and reflection. Of external episode the long, serene afternoon of his life contained but little. His younger sister, Elizabeth, with whom he made his home at Amesbury, died in 1864. It was the breaking of a peculiarly tender tie. After the stress of antislavery conflict, and thus bereft of his dearest companionship, he found rest and restoration in nature, in religion, and in literature; the love of nature and religious faith are the deepening notes of the poetry of this final and best period, which in duration included more than one-third of his long lifetime. A wider familiarity with literature manifested itself in a broadening range of subjects and a greater command of allusion. A growing attention to problems of poetic tech-

nique improved the artistic quality of his verse, and widened somewhat his command of poetic forms. Yet he continued to the end essentially a poet of the simple ideals of the common life he knew best, and expressed them in simple ways. In "The Last Walk in Autumn," a poem written in 1857, occurs this stanza, which embodies a sort of prophetic interpretation:

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
  Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
  No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
  The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
  And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call
    to prayer.

"Snow-Bound," written in 1865, is the most successful of his more elaborate works. "The Tent on the Beach" (1867) was a group of associated poems strung together, much as Longfellow composed his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. "Among the Hills" (1869) he began in the thought of composing a summer idyl to correspond with "Snow-Bound" as a winter idyl, but as its composition progressed, Whittier found his material intractable, and the poem, pleasing as it is, will not bear the suggested comparison. In 1866 Whittier's prose

works, of which there is a considerable body, consisting mainly of criticisms of men and books and discussions of slavery and of various political and social reforms, were for the first time gathered into an edition of two volumes. Three years later the first edition of his collected works was completed by the addition to his prose works of three volumes of poems. But afterward, between 1869 and 1892, Whittier published not less than eleven volumes of poems, mostly slender books, but in their total adding much to the final complete edition of his works. Besides his original work, at various times in his life Whittier did much as an editor of the writings of others.

In his later years, and especially after Longfellow's death in 1883, Whittier became in some sense the Poet Laureate of America. In 1867 he was invited to write the "Centennial Hymn" for use at the opening of the Philadelphia Exposition. And from that time on he entered more and more deeply into the affections of his countrymen. His seventieth birthday was marked by a special gathering of eminent fellow citizens to do him honor. His eightieth was observed by exercises in the public schools far and wide throughout the country, and by the presentation to him of many tributes of appreciation and affection. A few years before his death he removed from Ames-

bury to Danvers, Massachusetts, which continued to be his home until the end. He died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on September 7, 1892, and was interred at Amesbury. His last poem, written but a few weeks before, was composed in honor of the eighty-third birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

His lifetime covered eighty-five years. It included the most stirring portion of our national history, a truly great part in which Whittier played. Great as was his service to political history, it is the gentle Quaker poet of the later years, the lover of nature and of his own New England, the man of serene faith, who is secure in the abiding remembrance of his countrymen. The contemporary of Lowell and Longfellow, of Holmes, Poe, and Emerson, of Bryant and Whitman and Lanier, of all the poets that, till now, have best served our national literature, excelled by many of them in some distinctive power or charm, he yet seems in a certain simplicity of character and nobility of moral and spiritual stature to surpass them all.

As a poetic artist, Whittier, it will be seen from the story of his life, underwent a long evolution. Many poets do their best writing in early life. Few men have the kind of vitality which goes on unfolding and perfecting itself far into advancing age. Whittier, like Tenny-

son, was of the number. His earliest work was imitative and crude—imitative chiefly of Scott, and so crude that he would gladly have excluded almost all of it from his later editions. His antislavery poems held a higher place, and yet few even of them are familiar to the present generation. They were animated by intense hatred of a living national wrong, against which Whittier, like a Hebrew prophet, hurled blazing lyrical invectives. They were direct, simple, and impassioned in their earnestness. Directness, earnestness, fire, were native to him; and these qualities chiefly he embodied in the antislavery lyrics. But poetry at its best is the product of the imagination; and the imagination weaves its best in hours of quietness and scenes aloof from the stress of practical affairs. Seldom are political crises, however acute, however awakening of the highest powers of mankind, immediately productive of much of what, in the restricted sense of the term, we call literature. Though surely inspiration was not wanting, the stimulus of our Civil War to creative literature was remarkably slight. The struggle was too desperately practical, too much a matter of national life and death. Poetry written at white heat, to serve the interests of principle in the hour of conflict, may flame from soul to soul, and wonderfully influence the result of the hour; but when the

heat of the hour has passed, such poetry is seldom found to possess that timeless, enduring vitality which insures its permanence in the hearts of the people after the circumstances which gave it birth have been forgotten. Whittier's antislavery lyrics, inspiring as they were and important historically as they are, stand to-day, in spite of many stirring passages, in danger of being forgotten because they are too closely connected with an issue which has passed out of mind. Artistically the period in which they were written is one of transition. In the heat of conflict, Whittier schooled his art and acquired his technique. But it was not a school in which to gain breadth of view, or variety of resource, or subtlety of magic, or perfection of phrase.

However, in the period after 1850, and yet more after 1861, there was, as already noted, a considerable widening of his poetic range. So far did this extension of his choice of subject matter continue that in the collected edition of 1889, containing Whittier's last revision of his whole work, he classified his poems, according to their content, into eight general groups: poems narrative and legendary; poems of nature; poems subjective and reminiscent; religious poems; antislavery poems; songs of labor and reform; personal poems; and occasional poems. This classification, no doubt,

possesses a certain vitality; yet it must be admitted that a few characteristic elements, especially those of nature and of religion, are so pervasive of all his work that his assignment of a poem to a given group often seems rather arbitrary. In general, the choice of the subject matter and the method of treatment are not sharply discriminated into more than three or four of the eight groups which he has employed. In the field of narrative, by far his best poems are ballads, like "Skipper Ireson's Ride" and "Barbara Frietchie." In many of his narrative poems want of compression seriously detracts from their dramatic force. The religious motive is everywhere present in Whittier's poetry, as it was in his life. In the anti-slavery days it was the soul of his poetry for freedom; in his bereft age his unclouded faith gave cheer and serenity to his declining strength; it inspired "Our Master" and "The Eternal Goodness," than which no poems hold a higher place in the religious poetry of America. "The Bible," says Mr. Stedman, "is rarely absent from his verse, and its spirit never." As much, almost, may be said for the love of nature in the poetry of the later period. "Snow-Bound" as a typical instance, while essentially a reminiscent poem, and deeply religious, expresses as well Whittier's inmost feeling for nature. And just as his later poetry expresses

religious faith in its serenity, so the moods of nature which affect him most deeply are those of his own New England valleys and hills, its rivers and its ocean shore in their hours of quiet beauty.

It would be natural to attribute certain obvious defects and limitations in Whittier's verse to his scant educational training—a training that, in spite of the broad reading of his later years, was never perfected. Of his methods of work, he himself says: "I never had any methods. When I felt like it, I wrote, and I had neither the health nor the patience to work over it afterward. It usually went as it was originally completed." His verse is for from technical perfection, even in his best period. His rhymes are often seriously at fault. He never wrote blank verse well, nor did he ever stray very far from three or four metrical forms in which he had acquired freedom and confidence. He never learned to concentrate his effects in the smallest number of lines; and oftentimes the undue length of a poem serves effectually to bury from the casual reader exquisite lines and stanzas. Much interest in respect of the technical qualities of their verse will attach to comparison of Whittier's work with Longfellow's, when the two have chosen a similar subject; as Whittier's "The Shipbuilders" with Longfellow's "The Building of

the Ship." Though it would be natural to explain defects of the sort mentioned by the limitations of Whittier's early training, the real explanation doubtless lies deeper. Burns probably had no better educational opportunities than Whittier. Both a powerful intellect and a strong creative imagination are requisite to the greatest poetry. Most lovers of his poems will probably admit that Whittier's real shortcomings lay here, and also in his lack of humor. But great poetry and great poets are not very common, in America or elsewhere; and in the impassioned moral regret of "Ichabod," it is possible that Whittier touched a single pinnacle of real poetic greatness.

Whittier's place in the poetic Hall of Fame is secure. And so, too, is his place in the hearts of the people. Like Longfellow, he is a poet of the people, a poet of the ideals of common life. To its turmoil and strain he brings a message of simplicity and calm. From a world of material aims his verse recalls us to a pure and beautiful life of the spirit. He speaks with a manly vigor and directness, and persuades by his deep sincerity and simple charm. In his poetry are no subtleties of argument, no obscurities of remote meaning. He troubles us with no melancholy doubts, and seeks to force upon us no mere reasonings of an abstract philosophy. Yet by his simple and true stand-

ard of life, his love of nature and humanity, his hatred of wrong, he makes an appeal to all who love righteousness and the joys of peaceful living that should never in America be overlooked, and cannot be forgotten. We can believe that Whittier would have cared but little for criticisms of himself merely as a poetic artist. More than artist in letters, he was above all a poet with a conscious message—a message not for New England only, but for America, and, we may believe, for all who speak the English language. That message, grounded in the enduring, essential faiths of a universal humanity, he sang worthily and honestly, without thought of reward, and with a potency that make him one of our two most-loved poets. Because of his manly and effective grappling with the great peril and curse of his time, and by reason of the native elevation of his character, his is perhaps the most noble personality among American men of letters.

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SNOW-BOUND AND OTHER POEMS

PROEM°

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's° golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's° silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,

Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's° wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

AMESBURY, 11*th mo.*, 1847.

SNOW-BOUND

A Winter Idyl

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES

This Poem is Dedicated by the Author

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits, which be Angels of Light, are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common VVood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of VVood doth the same."—Cor. Agrippa, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed.
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."—Emerson.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky

Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm

And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;

The well-curb had a Chinese roof;°
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.°

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,°
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamps supernal powers,
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun° roused from sleep,

Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the grass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank

From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: *"Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine

Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth° about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
  We sit beneath their orchard trees,
  We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
  Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
  No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about.

Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
  The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
  And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
"The Chief of Gambia's° golden shore."
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
As if a trumpet called, I've heard
Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:
"Does not the voice of reason cry,
  Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
  Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's° wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp°
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees°;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap° and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.

Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's° level marshes spread
  Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
  The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,°
  And round the rocky Isles of Shoals°
  The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundelow,
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho° town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
  So rich and picturesque and free,
  (The common unrhymed poetry

Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearts grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple countryside;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,°
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.
Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,°
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal,° old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence mad for food,

With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise dashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram°
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius° of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes,° who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;

A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's° loving view,—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate

Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dries so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,

Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!
As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green°
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak

The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school°
Held at the fire his favored place,

Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told

Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes° took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trainèd thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed — of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms remould, and substitute
For Slavery's lash and freeman's will,

For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest° that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;

The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,°
The raptures of Siena's saint.°
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout;
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.
Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's° plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's° rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon°
With claims fantastic as her own,

Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
  With hope each day renewed and fresh,
  The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!
Where'er her troubled path may be,°
  The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
  The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
  What threads the fatal sisters spun,
  Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
  And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
  A life-long discord and annoy,
  Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
  Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
  Merciful and compassionate,

And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
  That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,

Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go.

With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
  Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
  From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
  O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,

And woodland paths that wound
between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed°?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,

And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's° meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.

Before us passed the painted Creeks,°
And daft McGregor° on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetos° winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,

Its corner for the rustic Muse,
  Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding knell and dirge of death:
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
  And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
  And folded wings of ashen gray
  And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
  Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses

With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God° which breaks its strife,
The wordling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends — the few
Who yet remain — shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures° of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth.
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;

The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

SONGS OF LABOR

[1850]

DEDICATION

I WOULD the gift I offer here
Might graces from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,
On softened lines and coloring wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain:
But what I have I give to thee, —
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,
And paler flowers, the latter rain
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
Dry root and mossèd trunk between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leafed maple wood!

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree;
And through the bleak and wintry day
It keeps its steady green alway,
So, even my after-thoughts may have a charm for thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,
And beauty is its own excuse°;
But for the dull and flowerless weed
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong, working hand makes strong the working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,

Transforming sinless ease to care
And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

A blessing now, a curse no more;
Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

THE SHIPBUILDERS°

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the gnarlèd oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark! roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;

All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still;
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up! up! in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough;
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below;
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides°
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship! But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within;

No Lethean drug° for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

THE SHOEMAKERS

Ho! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather°!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's° day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.

Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main°
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine°
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
No craftsman rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,
  Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
  And duty done your honor.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
  The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
  Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs,° are living yet,
  In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's ° lay, and Gifford's wit,°
  And patriot fame of Sherman°;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
  The soul of Behmen ° teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
  Of Fox's° leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
  It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
  On carpet, or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
  Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's° foot bore nectar round
  Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,
  With footsteps slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue span
  Shuts down upon the prairie.

On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,
By Saratoga's° fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains°!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming,—
"All honor to the good old Craft,
Its merry men and women!"
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner:
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

THE DROVERS

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun,
Still onward cheerly driving!
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

But see! the day is closing cool,
  The woods are dim before us;
The white fog of the wayside pool
  Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
  Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
  Looks out upon us cheery.
The landlord beckons from his door,
  His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
  Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
  By brows of rugged mountains;
From hillsides where, through spongy moss,
  Gush out the river fountains;
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
  And bright with blooming clover;
From vales of corn the wandering crow
  No richer hovers over,—

Day after day our way has been
  O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen
  Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
  As smoke of battle o'er us,

Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
As slow behind it sinking;
Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.
Now crowding in the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
They glare upon the teamster's load,
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof, and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close or fallow.
Forth comes the startled goodman; forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,
Like those who grind their noses down
On pastures bare and stony, —
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows too lean for shadows,
Disputing feebly with the frogs
The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanness rattle;
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.°
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,
The freshest feed is growing,
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing;
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,
Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping;
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.

To-morrow, eastward with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,
Instead of birds, are flitting;
When children throng the glowing hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting;
While in the fire-light strong and clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,
From many a mountain pasture,
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
And speed the long night faster.
Then let us on, through shower and sun,
And heat and cold, be driving;
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

THE FISHERMEN

HURRAH! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!

Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's° rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,°
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina,°
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Mickmack°
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin.
The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come.
As the demon fled the chamber
Where the fish of Tobit° lay,
So ours from all our dwellings
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly

From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west-wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling,—
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed,—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;

The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the
woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the
meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun
rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as
he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and
subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly
pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to
the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yel-
low light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glori-
fied the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and
laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside
the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine
of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient
weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motion-
less as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the
squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low
rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stub-
ble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade,
the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed
with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy
corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through
husks that, dry and sear,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out
the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a
verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pump-
kin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many
a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of
husk and grain;

Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
  Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
  Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
  Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
  The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
  Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
  And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
  Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
  And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
  Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
  By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
  Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
  And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
  Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
  Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
  Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
  The wheat-field to the fly:°

But let the good old crop adorn
  The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
  Send up our thanks to God!

THE LUMBERMEN

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,
  Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;

Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,
Screams the gray wild-goose;
On the night-frost sounds the treading
Of the brindled moose.
Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,
Frost his task-work plies;
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
Streak the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
To our hurrying feet,

And the forest echoes clearly
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis°
Stretches broad and clear,
And Millnoket's pine-black ridges
Hide the browsing deer:
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,
Or through rocky walls,
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
Of Katahdin's sides,°—
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
Torn and ploughed by slides!
Far below, the Indian trapping,
In the sunshine warm;
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves;
And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day;
And the welcome of returning
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir:
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!

For His ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue;
He can see the spirit kneeling
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting
On our rugged toil;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike!—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,

And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye!

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest home!
Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our North-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part:
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart!

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow;
And our tread is all the firmer
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with Labor,
Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's
  Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
  Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades! up and doing!
  Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
  Through the world our way!

BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS

THE EXILES°

1660

THE goodman sat beside his door,
  One sultry afternoon,
With his young wife singing at his side
  An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,—
  The dark green woods were still;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
  Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud
  Above the wilderness,

As some dark world from upper air
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed
His tranquil countenance,—

A look, like that his Master wore
In Pilate's council-hall:
It told of wrongs, but of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"
The stranger meekly said;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted,—evil men
Are following in my track;

The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back;

"And much, I fear, 'twill peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience' sake."

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,
"Come in, old man!" quoth she
"We will not leave thee to the storm,
Whoever thou mayst be."

Then came the aged wanderer in,
And silent sat him down;
While all within grew dark as night
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
Filled every cottage nook,
And with the jarring thunder-roll
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet
Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—
We would not be house-breakers;

A rueful deed thou'st done this day,
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,
With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,
The parish priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,
And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, if forty stripes
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman;
"The stranger is my guest;
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,—
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"
And strong hands shook the door.
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the priest,
"Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
The matchlock, hotly tried

At Preston-pans° and Marston moor,
By fiery Ireton's° side;

Where Puritan,° and Cavalier,
With shout and psalm contended;
And Rupert's° oath, and Cromwell's prayer,
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:
"My spirit is not free
To bring the wrath and violence
Of evil men on thee;

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,
Bethink thee of thy Lord,
Who healed again the smitten ear,°
And sheathed His follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led.
Friends of the poor, farewell!"
Beneath his hand the oaken door
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old graybeard, yea and nay,"
The reckless scoffers cried,
As to a horseman's saddle-bow
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long
In Boston's crowded jail,

Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell;
Those scenes have passed away;
Let the dim shadows of the past
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent priest,
"Take Goodman Macey too;
The sin of this day's heresy
His back or purse shall rue."

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macey cried.
She caught his manly arm;
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or naught,—
The river-course was near;
The plashing on its pebbled shore
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,
Above the waters hung,
And at its base, with every wave,
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—then gain the boat—and there
The goodman wields his oar;

"Ill luck betide them all," he cried,
"The laggards on the shore."

Down through the crashing underwood,
The burly sheriff came:—
"Stand, Goodman Macey, yield thyself;
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"
Bold Macey answered then,—
"Whip women, on the village green,
But meddle not with men."

The priest came panting to the shore,
His grave cocked hat was gone;
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back! come back!" the parson cried,
"The Church's curse beware."
"Curse, an thou wilt," said Macey, "but
Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled priest,
"Thou'lt yet the gallows see."
"Who's born to be hanged will not be
drowned,"
Quoth Macey, merrily;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good-by!"
He bent him to his oar,

And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun
Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck° was bended;
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast;
The watchers of the Block-house saw
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars,
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury—
The men were all away—

Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer Island's rocks and fir-trees threw
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weathercock
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
The marsh lay broad and green;
And on their right with dwarf shrubs crowned,
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye
The harbor-bar was crossed;
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay;
On the steep hills of Agawam,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,°
And Gloucester's° harbor-bar;
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachusetts Bay!

Blue wave, and bright green island,
  Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
  Round isle and headland steep;
No tempest broke above them,
  No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape°
  The venturous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's° naked isle
  Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
  They braved the rough sea-weather;
And there, in peace and quietness,
  Went down life's vale together;

How others drew around them,
  And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
  Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated
  With Plenty's golden smile;
Behold, is it not written
  In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth
  A refuge of the free,

As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand,
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs,
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!
And grant for evermore,
That charity and freedom dwell
As now upon her shore!

BARCLAY OF URY°

Up the streets of Aberdeen,°
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master;

And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lützen's° blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's° line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury;

"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,°
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord His own rewards,

And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth° prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK°

THE day is closing dark and cold,
With roaring blast and sleety showers;
And through the dusk the lilacs wear
The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,
To ponder o'er a tale of old;
A legend of the age of Faith,
By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives
That fancy of a loving heart,
In graceful lines and shapes of power,
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence° (so the story runs)
There lived a lord, to whom, as slave,
A peasant-boy of tender years
The chance of trade or conquest gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,
The straining eye could scarce discern
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare
The service of the youth repaid,
By stealth, before that holy shrine,
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;
Why stayed the Baron from the chase,
With looks so stern, and words so ill?

"Go, bind yon slave! and let him learn,
By scath of fire and strain of cord,
How ill they speed who give dead saints
The homage due their living lord!"

They bound him on the fearful rack,
When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark,
He saw the light of shining robes,
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sang the iron rack apart,
The cords released their cruel clasp,
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,
Fell broken from the torturer's grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,
Barred door and wall of stone gave way;
And up from bondage and the night
They passed to freedom and the day!

O dreaming monk! thy tale is true;
O painter! true thy pencil's art;
In tones of hope and prophecy,
Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by His tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!
The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at His lightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain.
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain!

O weary ones! ye may not see
  Your helpers in their downward flight;
Nor hear the sound of silver wings
  Slow beating through the hush of night!

But not the less gray Dothan° shone,
  With sunbright watchers bending low,
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone
  The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,
  Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain-side
  Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
  Sends down His pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
  On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,
  Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer:
  "Lord, ope their eyes, that they may
    see!"

KATHLEEN°

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
  And rest your weary hand,

And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,°
A mighty lord was he;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,°
And drove away the poor;
"Ah, woe is me!" the old lord said,
"I rue my bargain sore!"

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing-fires°
Of her the gleeman sung.

"As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall;"
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

"Oh, come to me, my daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,

For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see!"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair;
"It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair!"

Oh, then spake up the angry dame,
"Get up, get up," quoth she;
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk,
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick° town
And to a seaman sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee° howled
To fright the evil dame,

And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,
And glimmering down the hill;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights shine!"
"Ye murthering witch," quoth he,
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care
If they shine for you or me.

"Oh, whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have!"
Oh, then spake up his handsome page,
"No gold nor land I crave!

"But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me,
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me."

He sailèd east, he sailèd west,
And far and long sailed he,

Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

"Oh, have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"Oh give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold."

"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But, since her heart's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

Oh, for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Mary Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland;
As you go up Claremore
Ye'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral° burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER°

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs! —

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!

And jest went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire° moors,
Ere Norman William° trod their shores;

And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,°
Forgetful of the hovering Dane!°

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From the lip of maid or throat of bird;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified:
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies, —
Forgive the blindness that denies!

Forgive Thy creature when he takes
For the all-perfect love Thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars; let us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence!

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,
And, when she sought the house of prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door
She saw the horseshoe's curvèd charm,
To guard against her mother's harm; —

That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in prayer; —

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,°
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief;
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows, — not I.

"I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil-eyed!

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made music such as childhood knew;

The door-yard tree was whispered through

By voices such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago;
And through the willow-boughs below

She saw the rippled water shine;
Beyond, in waves of shade and light
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's name:
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave!

"Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

"O God! have mercy on Thy child,
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all!"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her? Had He sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled,
Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

"O truest friend of all!" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is: —
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung
That ever made the old heart young!

For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,

Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN°

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul!°

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea I blend

A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*,° with all strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid° sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward, mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter° knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards through,

From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry-vines,
Wipe the moss from off the headstones, and retouch the faded lines.

* * * * * *

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windly site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north, —
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,

And the pewter tankard circled slowly round
from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked
of wizards Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs and
wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead
men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of
morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths
of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, — blooms
of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the
tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twi-
light of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky
tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers
of evil near; —
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and
aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould
of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they came, —
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
"Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I foil the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button,° from his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled;

Once again, without a shadow on the sands
the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted
slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain; "never
mortal foes were there;
They have vanished with their leader, Prince
and Power of the air!
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and
prowess naught avail;
They who do the Devil's service wear their
master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when
again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching
round the dusky hall:
And they looked to flint and priming, and they
longed for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: "Let us
cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the unseen
powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck
its roots in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head
was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as
the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the
spectres round the wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the
ears and hearts of all, —
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never
after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the
block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool
and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes the
solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral
lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an unde-
caying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the
spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in
the darkness undefined;
Round us throng the grim projections of the
heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the
cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no an-
swer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no
white wings downward fly;

But the heavenly help we pray for comes to
faith, and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward
all the spirits of the night!

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE°

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,°
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,°
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,° —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus° round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads° sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,° —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him,
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —

Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried, —
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within!
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! — why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

TELLING THE BEES°

HERE is the place°; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'er-run,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, —
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:

Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ears sounds on: —
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

THE SYCAMORES

In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic° music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves of summer,
Making Amphion's° fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant!°
  Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,
  And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
  With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
  Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
  Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
  And a heart forever light, —

Still the gay tradition mingles
  With a record grave and drear,
Like the rollic air of Cluny,°
  With the solemn march of Mear.°

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
  Made the sweet May woodlands glad,
And the Aronia by the river
  Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
  With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
  He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labor's side,
With the lusty airs of England
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,°
And the merry fair's carouse;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire° legends
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's° sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara°
Played all night to ghosts of kings;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
  Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,
  Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
  But if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
  And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks;

Green memorials of the gleeman!
  Linking still the river-shores,
With their shadows cast by sunset,
  Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
  Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
  And the steeples rang acclaim, —

When each war-scarred Continental,
  Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
  And shot off his old king's arm, —°

Slowly passed that august Presence
  Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls as white as angels
  Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
  Deepest fell, his rein he drew:
On his stately head, uncovered,
  Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
  Looking up and looking down
On the hills of Gold and Silver
  Rimming round the little town,—

On the river, full of sunshine,
  To the lap of greenest vales
Winding down from wooded headlands,
  Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
  Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
  In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
  Stirred to life the cavalcade:
And that head, so bare and stately,
  Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
  Life has had its ebb and flow;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
  To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless stand;
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Marks° the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Silvers o'er each stately shaft;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft;

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,
Love and Youth together stray;
While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,°
On the open hillside wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught,

Singing, with his gray hair floating
Round his rosy ample face, —
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

MY PLAYMATE°

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er

Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
  But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
  Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
  And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
  Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
  Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
  She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
  I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
  The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
  The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
  The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
  The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
  And how the old time seems,—

If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW°

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes° are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch°
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;

And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy° guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's° call:
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,°
The grandest o' them all!"

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee°
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving

Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

OUT and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusty pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins°!

Drearily blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.°

The bells of the Roman Mission,
  That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
  To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
  The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
  Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
  Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
  And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
  The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
  The chimes of eternal peace!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE°

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson° riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE FROST SPIRIT°

HE comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees
where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,
have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla° glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,

Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in
mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit
comes!—Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his
evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that
firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as
his sounding wing goes by!

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE°

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,

And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
  Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
  He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
  Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps,—still looking to the west,
  Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
  Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune!—in himself
  All moods of mind contrasting,—
The tenderest wail of human woe,
  The scorn like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
  Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
  Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
  From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
  Upon a ground of madness;
And over all Romance and Song
  A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio° at his side
  Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn
Beheld its schemes disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
With trenchant wit unsparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.
While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's° wave,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For Scriptural defences.

His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves; yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Lay down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother-man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling

To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "REMORSE!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry° sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The Sage of Monticello,°
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee, — wolves for men,
And briers for corn-sheaves giving!
Oh, more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

FORGIVENESS°

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellowmen,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

HAMPTON BEACH°

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,

Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of
sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles
around.

On — on — we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming
grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering
locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life, — the healing of the
seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with
cool spray wet.

Good-by to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath — I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam —
And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;

And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's
new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy
cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves
shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind;
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise
and fall.

But look, thou dreamer! — wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
To where, my native hill-tops o'er,

Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset
sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by
the Sea.

THE HILL-TOP°

THE burly driver at my side,
We slowly climbed the hill,
Whose summit, in the hot noontide,
Seemed rising, rising still.
At last, our short noon-shadows hid
The top-stone, bare and brown,
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North;
Between me and the sun,
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,
I saw the cloud-shades run.
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
Lay mountain-girdled Squam;
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,
Far as the eye could roam,
Dark billows of an earthquake storm
Beflecked with clouds like foam,
Their vales in misty shadow deep,
Their rugged peaks in shine,
I saw the mountain ranges sweep
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,
Moosehillock's woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest
And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:
"About this time, last year,
I drove a party to the Lake,
And stopped, at evening, here.
'Twas duskish down below; but all
These hills stood in the sun,
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,
He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,
Had held her place outside,
And, as a pleasant woman will,
Had cheered the long, dull ride,

Besought me, with so sweet a smile,
That — though I hate delays —
I could not choose but rest awhile, —
(These women have such ways!)

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,
Her sketch upon her knees,
A stray brown lock beneath her hat
Unrolling in the breeze;
Her sweet face, in the sunset light
Upraised and glorified, —
I never saw a prettier sight
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair; it seemed her joy
To comfort and to give;
My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,
Will bless her while they live!"
The tremor in the driver's tone
His manhood did not shame:
"I dare say, sir, you may have known —"
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,
The blue lake fled away;
For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,
A lighted hearth for day!
From lonely years and weary miles
The shadows fell apart;
Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky
  Had power to charm no more;
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye
  The dream of memory o'er.
Ah! human kindness, human love, —
  To few who seek denied, —
Too late we learn to prize above
  The whole round world beside!

MEMORIES°

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
  With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
  Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in everything,
  Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
  When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
  Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
  Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
  With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
  From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringèd lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in thee;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace,
Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
The school-boy's humble name has flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in youth;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Derby dalesman's simple truth.
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us lies
The warm light of our morning skies, —
The Indian Summer of the heart! —
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!

ICHABOD![°]

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not, — the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains, —
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

ALL'S WELL

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;

And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eyes look farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow,

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

TO A. K.°

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES

Thanks for thy gift
Of ocean flowers,
Born where the golden drift
Of the slant sunshine falls
Down the green, tremulous walls
Of water, to the cool still coral bowers,

Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,
God's gardens of the deep
His patient angels keep;
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude
With fairest forms and hues, and thus
For ever teaching us
The lesson which the many-colored skies,
The flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,
The brightness of the human countenance,
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,
For evermore repeat,
In varied tones and sweet,
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom
The sunset hues of Time are cast,
Painting, upon the overpast
And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow
The promise of a fairer morrow,
An earnest of the better life to come;
The binding of the spirit broken,
The warning to the erring spoken,
The comfort of the sad,
The eye to see, the hand to cull
Of common things the beautiful,

The absent heart made glad
By simple gift or graceful token
Of love it needs as daily food,
All own one Source, and all are good!
Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,
Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,
And toss their gifts of weed and shell
From foamy curve and combing swell,
No unbefitting task was thine
To weave these flowers so soft and fair
In unison with His design
Who loveth beauty everywhere;
And makes in every zone and clime,
In ocean and in upper air,
"All things beautiful in their time."

For not alone in tones of awe and power
He speaks to man;
The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower
His rainbows span;
And where the caravan
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air
The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,
He gives the weary eye
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,
And on its branches dry
Calls out the acacia's flowers;
And where the dark shaft pierces down
Beneath the mountain roots,

Seen by the miner's lamp alone,
The star-like crystal shoots;
So, where, the winds and waves below,
The coral-branchèd gardens grow,
His climbing weeds and mosses show,
Like foliage, on each stony bough,
Of varied hues more strangely gay
Than forest leaves in autumn's day; —
Thus evermore,
On sky, and wave, and shore,
An all-pervading beauty seems to say:
God's love and power are one; and they,
Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,
Smite to restore,
And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift
Their perfume on the air,
Alike may serve Him, each, with their own gift.
Making their lives a prayer!

APRIL°

"The spring comes slowly up this way." *Christabel.*

'Tis the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;

Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots;
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers!
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!
Up our long river-valley, for days, have not ceased
The wail and the shriek of the bitter north-east, —
Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and snow,
All the way from the land of the wild Esquimau, —

Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,
Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny
southwest.
O soul of the spring-time, its light and its
breath,
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to
this death;
Renew the great miracle; let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre
rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus,° rise, as of old!
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness
has lain,
Revive with the warmth and the brightness
again,
And in blooming of flower and budding of
tree
The symbols and types of our destiny see;
The life of the spring-time, the life of the
whole,
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the
soul!

BURNS°

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM

No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover;
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tale in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read "The Twa Dogs'"° story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs! — The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor:

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The themes of sweet discoursing;
The tender idyls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,°
And sank on crystal Devon.°

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweetbrier and the clover;
With Ayr and Doon,° my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth°
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet Soul of Song! — I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render, —
The mournful Tuscan's° haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary°!

THE HERO°

"O FOR a knight like Bayard,°
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's° field above, —
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"O that man once more were manly,
  Woman's pride, and not her scorn
That once more the pale young mother
  Dared to boast 'a man is born'!

"But, now life's slumberous current
  No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
  The level dulness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,
  Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
  My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
  To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,—
  True, tender, brave, and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
  One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
  Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
  Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian° ranges
  Paled and darkened, one by one, —

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
  Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
  Stood the Suliote° but to die,

"Woe for the weak and halting!
  The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
  Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly, and first to rally,
  Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
  Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian° costume
  Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
  Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
  Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
  And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabres,
  Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian° charger
  Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders,
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been!"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.°

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus° of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,°
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

THE BAREFOOT BOY°

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight

Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides°!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood;
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!

Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS°

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
  As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
  Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
  On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
  The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
  The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
  Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
  That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
  Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old
  Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
  The homestead of the free!

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT°

WHERE are we going? where are we going,
  Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,
And the palm-tree cool and green:
Bornou land we see no longer,
Here we thirst and here we hunger,
Here the Moor-man smites in anger:
Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few;
Life has one, and death has two:
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, Thou All-knowing!
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies;
Stranger round us day by day

Bends the desert circle gray;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing,—
Lord of all things!—where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but Thou art strong;
Short our lives, but Thine is long;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes;
We are fools, but Thou art wise!

Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN°

I

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

II

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose!

III

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

IV

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew south; the noon of day
Was warm as June's; and save that snow
Flecked the low mountains far away,

And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind
at play.

V

Since then, the winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow°
On these rough slopes, and, strong and
wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea;
And over these gray fields, then green and
gold,
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's
organ rolled.

VI

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits
and flowers,

Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its
round been ours!

VII

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's° vale,
And the Alhambra's° halls are but a traveller's
tale.

VIII

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call
to prayer!

IX

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's° fountains rise and fall;

But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind°
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz° smiles,
And Rome's cathedral° awe is in his woodland aisles.

X

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
Within its round of sea and sky and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos° stands revealed.

XI

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen round!
While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,

The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs again!

XII

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me
Their words of mingled tears and fire!
I talk with Bacon,° grave and wise,
I read the world with Pascal's° eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw near.

XIII

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
"In vain the human heart we mock;
Bring living guests who love the day,
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
The herbs we share with flesh and blood
Are better than ambrosial food,
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loath,
But doubly blessed is he who can partake of both.

XIV

He who might Plato's° banquet grace,
Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,°
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,°
Links Menu's age of thought° to Fulton's age
of steam!

XV

Here too, of answering love secure,
Have I not welcomed to my hearth
The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
Whose songs have girdled half the earth;
Whose pages, like the magic mat°
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's°
mountain pines!

XVI

And he, who to the lettered wealth
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
The ethics of the school of Christ;

The statesman° to his holy trust,
As the Athenian archon,° just,
Struck down,° exiled like him for truth alone,
Has he not graced my-home with beauty all his own?

XVII

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, and brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!
How conscious seems the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they trod!
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

XVIII

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills,
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!

XIX

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But homesick tears would fill the eyes
That saw the Cross without the Bear.°
The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north-wind break the tropic calm;
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,°
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

XX

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

XXI

Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,°
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!

The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than Gothic groin° and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!

XXII

More dear thy equal village schools,
Where rich and poor the Bible read,
Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,
And Learning wears the chains of Creed;
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

XXIII

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,°
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonored place.

XXIV

Here manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
The graces and the loves which make
The music of the march of life;
And woman, in her daily round
Of duty, walks on holy ground
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to sneer.

XXV

Then let the icy north-wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gayly as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

XXVI

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And strains these mosses green and gold,

Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!

XXVII

I have not seen, I may not see,
My hopes for man take form in fact,
But God will give the victory
In due time; in that faith I act.
And he who sees the future sure,
The baffling present may endure,
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

XXVIII

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
Where harsher songs of mine have flown;
Go, find a place at home and hearth
Where'er thy singer's name is known;
Revive for him the kindly thought
Of friends; and they who love him not,
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may take
The hands he proffers all, and thank him for thy sake.

OUR RIVER°

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE LAURELS" ON THE MERRIMACK

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales of home are flooded;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river:

Its pines above, its waves below,
The west-wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot°
Beheld it seaward flowing,—
And bore its memory o'er the deep,
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
Of human love and glory:
We know that Arno's banks° are fair,
And Rhine has castled shadows,

And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr°
Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
And cunning hand to show it,—
We only know the fond skies lean
Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine°
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
That graze its shores in keeping;
No icy kiss of Dian° mocks
The youth beside it sleeping:
Our Christian river loveth most
The beautiful and human;
The heathen streams of Naiads° boast,
But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
The ripple we are hearing;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
Around the settler's clearing:
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by its valley-born
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills
  The summer air with clangor;
The war-storm shakes the solid hills
  Beneath its tread of anger;
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
  Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
  Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
  And rivers still keep flowing,—
The dear God still his rain and sun
  On good and ill bestowing.
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
  His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fate
  His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born! —no more
  We ask the wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
  The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
  Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
  And make a joy of duty.

LAUS DEO°!

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE PASSAGE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;

He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam° by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed hope my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on Thee!

NOTES

Proem

This poem, written in 1847, soon after the publication of *Voices of Freedom,* is now placed at the beginning of all editions of Whittier's poems. It is an adequate statement of, at least, his earlier poetic aims, and is in all respects an admirable piece of self-criticism.

3. Edmund Spenser (1552?-1599) was one of the two greatest English masters of poetry before Shakespeare wrote his plays. The other of the two was Chaucer.

4. Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), a contemporary of Spenser, was the author of a popular romance called *Arcadia,* and of some poetry and criticism.

33. Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) was contemporary with the far greater **John Milton** (1608-1671) the author of "Paradise Lost." Marvell's lyrics, to which Whittier refers, were the product of his earlier life. Later he became, like Milton, absorbed in the exciting political events attending the downfall of Charles I, and his execution in 1649. These Puritan poets were, it is plain, particularly congenial to Whittier's temperament.

Snow-Bound [1865]

Aside from the one large group of earlier poems inspired by his hatred of slavery, Whittier's poetry mainly expresses moods of contemplation and reminiscence, and finds its subjects in the simpler and homelier aspects of nature and humanity. Holmes styled him "the Woodthrush of Essex," and others have called him the Burns of New England, suggesting, however, in the latter case an analogy which must not be pressed too far.

"Snow-Bound" portrays the scenes of Whittier's early life. The house in which he was born is still standing in East Haverhill, Mass. It had been the family homestead for several generations, and is the scene of "Snow-Bound." The characters in the poem are those who really lived or visited there when Whittier was a boy on his father's farm. They were his father and mother, his brother Matthew, his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, and his uncle and aunt, both unmarried. Besides these members of his own family, there were the schoolmaster, who boarded in the house, and, as an occasional visitor, Miss Harriet Livermore, a young woman of eccentric character and remarkable subsequent history. The family life was extremely simple. As literature there were in the house besides the Bible, only the almanac, the weekly newspaper, and a very few books, among which were a single volume of poems and, held in great suspicion, "one harmless novel." "Story-telling," says Whittier, "was almost a necessary resource during the long winter evenings." Memories of Indian warfare and of hunting expeditions and stories of witchcraft were still the common possession of the older people of the time.

Sweet and simple as its story is, "Snow-Bound" takes its strong hold upon us not merely because it is a description of the family life of the poet's own home; nor is it even because hundreds of people now living in near and distant parts of America can look back in memory to country homesteads of their own New England childhood, and find them, too, essentially pictured in this poem.

Love for Whittier and affection for New England may well be awakened by the poem; but no one should fail to see how, more deeply, it reveals without explaining them the strong and broad foundations of that New England character which embodies so much of human life at its best. And then, finally, the poem should be read as a piece of literature, for the sake of its own beautiful pictures and its beautiful words, which are, after all, perhaps the chief reason why we read poetry at all. In this connection "Snow-Bound" may well be compared with Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village."

The first quotation standing at the beginning of the poem is taken from an old book dated 1851, in Whittier's possession, which had formerly been owned by one Bantam, a reputed sorcerer, who once lived in the Piscataqua region of New Hampshire. The second quotation is from Emerson's "The Snow-storm."

62. The well-curb had a Chinese roof. Can you describe such a roof?

65. Pisa's leaning miracle. The famous Leaning Tower of Pisa in northern Italy is a round bell-tower or campanile, of white marble, eighty feet in height, which leans six feet out of the perpendicular. The probable cause of the deflection is the sinking of the ground on one side of the foundation.

77. Aladdin's wondrous cave. See *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment.*

90. Amun was an Egyptian, originally an Ethiopian, deity worshipped mainly in the form of a ram, or of a human being with a ram's head.

156. The clean-winged hearth. Beside one of these old fireplaces there usually hung a turkey's wing, to be used in brushing up the ashes.

215. "The Chief of Gambia." This line and the four subsequent ones in italics "are taken from 'The African Chief', a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton (1759-1846). . . . This poem was included in *The American Preceptor,* a schoolbook which was in use in Whittier's boyhood." (Riverside edition of "Snow-Bound".)

225. Memphremagog, a lake on the border between Vermont and Canada.

226. Samp. See a dictionary and the reference in "The Huskers."

229. St. François' hemlock trees. There are several localities bearing this name in the country south of Quebec.

231. On Norman cap. The settlers of many regions of Canada were French, who still retain French customs and use the French language.

237. Salisbury lies at the mouth of the Merrimac River.

242. **Great Boar's Head** and Little Boar's Head are on the coast, south of Portsmouth, N. H.

243. The **Isles of Shoals** lie opposite the mouth of the Piscataqua River, near Portsmouth.

259. **Cocheco** is the modern Dover, N. H.

274. **Piscataqua.** See note on 243.

286. **Painful Sewell's ancient tome.** "Painful" here has an old meaning of "painstaking." William Sewel's *History of the Quakers* was a work greatly esteemed by the Quakers.

289. **Chalkley's Journal** was another Quaker document. Thomas Chalkley (died 1749) was a Quaker preacher. In his *Journal* he describes how upon a certain voyage the ship's company fell short of food and water. "To stop their murmuring I told them," he says, "they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you, I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat of me'; and so said several. I can truly say on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition." At that juncture a large dolphin arose by the ship's side, and "looked him in the face." Fortunately the creature "readily took a hook," and saved the company from further temptation.

305. **The tangled ram.** See the account of Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac, in *Genesis* xxii.

320. **Apollonius Tyanæus,** a Greek magician and pretended miracle-worker of the first century A. D.

322. **Hermes Trismegistus,** an Egyptian philosopher of uncertain identity, to whom is ascribed the invention of the art of harmony, the lute, the lyre, the science of astrology, and many other things.

332. **White of Selbourne.** Gilbert White (1720-1793), distinguished English naturalist was the author of a classic work entitled *The Natural History of Selbourne.* Selbourne is situated in the County of Surrey, England.

398. **Now bathed within the fadeless green.** Eliza-

beth Whittier lived with her brother until her death in 1864. Her death was the poet's greatest bereavement.

439. The master of the district school was George Haskell, who afterwards became a physician, practising in Illinois, and afterward in New Jersey. He died in 1876.

476. Pindus-born Araxes. The correct name is Aracthus, and it stands so in some editions. The stream is one of five taking their rise in the central peak of the Pindus Mountains in Greece.

510. Another guest. The other guest was Miss Harriet Livermore, the daughter of a New Hampshire judge. This brilliant but extremely eccentric woman embraced the doctrine of the Second Advent, and with this belief spent much of her life in Palestine and Arabia, in order to be at hand to ride with Christ into Jerusalem in his triumphal return to his earthly kingdom.

536. Petruchio's Kate is the heroine of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*.

537. Siena's saint was St. Catherine; she was a seer of visions.

550. Smyrna is a seaport city of Syria.

551. Malta is an important island of the Mediterranean, near Sicily, owned by England.

555. The crazy Queen of Lebanon was Lady Hester Stanhope, an Englishwoman of good family, who dwelt in a palace on Mt. Lebanon in Palestine, in the same expectation as that held by Miss Livermore (see note on line 510). The two fell out in jealousy of each other's expected privileges.

563-589. Where'er her troubled path may be . . . . This passage shows the characteristic tenderness and tolerance of the poet. Compare "Forgiveness."

669. Calvin's creed. John Calvin (1509-1564) was the founder of the form of religious belief which underlies Presbyterianism.

683. Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker poet of the seventeenth century, was a friend of Milton, and the author of an epic entitled "Davideis," which now possesses only historical interest.

693. The Creek Indians were removed from their

original home in Georgia to lands west of the Mississippi during Whittier's boyhood.

694. **McGregor** was a Scotchman who, in 1822, headed one of the earliest "filibustering" expeditions in Central America. The object of the expedition, the piratical seizing of territory whereon to found a colony, failed.

696. **Mt. Taygetos,** in Greece, is situated in the territory consecrated by the Greek struggle for freedom against Turkey. Alexander, Prince Ypsilanti, was one of the Greek revolutionary leaders. He drew followers from the province of Maina.

741. **Truce of God** was a name given to an historic compact in force during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, generally applying throughout Western Europe, whereby the barons were to do no fighting from Wednesday evening till Monday morning, or during Advent or Lent, or on principal saints' days. Pilgrims, priests, women, and merchants were to receive special exemption from pillage. Violation of the Truce was punishable by excommunication by the Church.

747. **These Flemish pictures.** Flemish or Dutch artists found favorite subjects for their paintings in domestic interiors.

SONGS OF LABOR

This group of poems was collected from the magazines in which they first appeared and published in book form in 1850. Though the forms of labor which gave titles to the various poems of the group have materially changed in the half century since they were written, the poems themselves breathe a spirit that has neither place nor time, and must always be contemporary. Perhaps in these poems, too, as much as in any, Whittier became not merely a poet of New England or of the North, but a poet of our national life.

DEDICATION [1850]

22. Beauty is its own excuse. "For the idea of this line," we are told by Whittier, "I am endebted to Emerson in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora:

> 'If eyes were made for seeing,
> Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.'"

How is this idea different from that with which Keats closes his "Ode on a Grecian Urn"?

THE SHIPBUILDERS [1846]

Compare this poem with Longfellow's "Building of the Ship".

59. The Hebrides lie west of the northern part of Scotland.

69. No Lethean drug. The reference is to the Chinese opium trade.

THE SHOEMAKERS [1845]

2. The Gentle Craft of Leather. This expression is a reference to the mediæval organization in the chief European countries of those who practised certain occupations into guilds or crafts somewhat on the lines of the modern trades-unions. These guilds exercised at times vital influence of a social and political as well as industrial sort. Whittier seemed to have much interest in shoemakers and their work. Is a possible reason for this sympathy given in the Introduction?

7. St. Crispin's day, October 25, commemorates a Christian martyr of the third century who, while preaching the gospel, had supported himself by making shoes.

17. The Spanish main was that portion of the Atlantic between Cuba and the northern coast of South America, including the Caribbean Sea. It was so called particularly in the sixteenth century.

27. Florentine. Silk manufacture is an important industry of Florence in Northern Italy.

49. **Hans Sachs** (1497-1576) was a famous cobbler-poet of Nuremburg.

51. **Robert Bloomfield** (1766-1823), a little-remembered English poet, author of "The Farmer's Boy," and **William Gifford** (1757-1826) a satirist and first editor of the *Quarterly Review*, were both in their early days shoemakers.

52. **Roger Sherman** (1721-1793), a signer of the Declaration of Independence, had been a shoemaker in New Milford, Connecticut.

54. **Jacob Behmen**, or Boehme, or Böhm (1494-1576), was a German mystic.

56. **George Fox** (1624-1690), an eccentric genius, who habitually clad himself in leather clothes, was founder of the sect of Quakers.

63. **Hebe** was cup-bearer at the banquets of the Olympian gods of the Greek mythology.

70. **Saratoga** in New York State was at the time of the writing of this poem a particular resort of fashionable society during the summer months.

72. **The Crystal Mountains**, an early name for the White Mountains of New Hampshire, derived from the discovery in them of crystals, at the time supposed to be precious stones. See Hawthorne's "The Great Carbuncle."

THE DROVERS [1847]

60. **Pharaoh's evil cattle.** See *Genesis* xli. 2-4.

87. **Kéarsarge** is a mountain near Concord, N. H.

THE FISHERMEN [1845]

22. **Brador's rocks** are in Prince Edward Island.

33. **The Red Island** lies in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland.

39. **The Mickmacks** or **Micmacs** are the tribe of Indians inhabiting Nova Scotia and the regions immediately to the north of it.

54. **The fish of Tobit.** The story of this fish is contained in the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the

apocryphal book of Tobit. The fish served as a charm which drove away an evil spirit from the bride of Tobias, the son of Tobit, and thereby saved Tobias from the fate of the lady's seven other previous husbands.

THE HUSKERS [1847]
THE CORN-SONG [1847]

48. **The wheat-field to the fly.** The reference is to the Hessian fly, an insect that is very destructive to American wheat crops.

THE LUMBERMEN [1845]

33. **Ambijejis.** The localities mentioned in this stanza may all be found on any good map of the interior of Maine.

42. **Mt. Katahdin** (5200 ft.) is one of the highest mountains in New England, and the highest in Maine.

THE EXILES [1841]

This spirited narrative of Quaker persecution gives a vivid picture of the intolerance of 1660 in Massachusetts. The treatment of Quakers equalled in severity that accorded to witches.

83. **Preston Pans.** This battle was fought between the Scotch forces of the young Stuart prince, Charles Edward, and the English on a field near Edinburgh; but as its date was 1745, it will be seen that in this instance Whittier's history is somewhat confused. **Marston Moor** was won by Cromwell's army against the Royalist forces of Charles I in 1644.

84. **Ireton** was one of the commanders of the Puritan forces in the battle of Marston Moor, and was the son-in-law of Cromwell.

85. **The Puritans** were those who held like principles with Cromwell in the controversies and warfare which resulted in the execution of Charles I in 1649. The followers of the king were popularly called **Cavaliers.** Gen-

erally speaking, the ancestors of the Massachusetts colonists were Puritans, and those of the colonists of Virginia, Cavaliers.

87. **Prince Rupert,** the nephew of Charles I, was the commander of the Cavalier forces at Marston Moor. **Oliver Cromwell** (1599-1658) is of course Charles's great opponent and conqueror.

95. **Smitten ear.** A reference to the act of the disciple Peter in cutting off the ear of the servant of the High Priest, at the time of Christ's betrayal by Judas. See *Luke* xxii, 50-51.

166. **Crane-neck,** and the other localities named in the following seven stanzas, are such as lie in or near the mouth of the Merrimac River in northeastern Massachusetts. The major ones may be identified upon a good map of the region.

197. **Cape Ann** lies to the south of the mouth of the Merrimac.

198. **Gloucester,** an important seacoast town of Massachusetts, lies south of Cape Ann. The poet was extremely familiar with both the geography and the history of this region.

209. **The bleak and stormy Cape** which the adventurous Macey rounded in his wherry was Cape Cod.

211. **Nantucket** lies to the south of the peninsula of Cape Cod. The island had already been purchased by Macey and some of his neighbors to be a place of refuge in case of trouble with the Puritans.

BARCLAY OF URY [1847]

Barclay of Ury was, says Whittier, one of the earliest converts to the doctrines of the Quakers in Scotland. He had fought with distinction under the great Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, but, as a Quaker, was subjected to persecution and abuse. "I find more satisfaction," he said. "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment

in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

1. Aberdeen is an important city in northeastern Scotland.

35. Lützen, near Leipzig, was the scene of a great battle between the Swedes and Germans in 1632, in which the Swedes were victorious, but lost their leader, Gustavus Adolphus, in the hour of triumph.

56. Tilly. Count von Tilly (1559-1632) was a fierce and merciless commander in the Thirty Years' War. His name became proverbial for barbarity.

81. The snooded daughter. The snood is a fillet which in Scotland binds, or used to bind, the hair of young girls.

99. The Tolbooth prison. Tolbooth itself is a Scottish word for prison.

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK [1849]

The great Italian painter, Tintoretto (1518-1594), made the legend told in this poem the subject of a great picture. It is described by Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art,* Vol. I, p. 121.

13. Provence was the name of an old province in the southeastern part of France.

65. Dothan. For the story of Elisha at Dothan in Samaria of Palestine, see *2 Kings* vi. 8-23.

KATHLEEN [1849]

In the colonial days of America, particularly in the seventeenth century, white slaves were not unknown. Sometimes they were kidnapped from seaport towns in Europe; sometimes they were sentenced to slavery for debt, for political offences, and for crime.

5. Galaway. Galway is a county in western Ireland.

13. Kern was a name for an Irish footman.

19. Shealing-fires, *i.e.* the fires in the cottages or huts of the peasants.

41. Limerick is an Irish seaport town.

49. The Banshee was a supernatural being which, according to Gaelic folklore, gave warning by wails and screams of an impending death in a family.

MAUD MULLER [1854]

Among all Whittier's poems perhaps no ballad equals this one in its general popularity.

94. Astral. See a dictionary.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER [1857]

This ballad, and the following four in these selections, were published together in 1860 under the title *Home Ballads*.

32. Derbyshire and **Yorkshire** are counties in the central and northeastern parts, respectively, of England.

33. Norman William was William I, called the Conqueror, who became king of England after the battle of Senlac in 1066.

35. The Saxon thane. In the days before William the Conqueror, England was ruled by Saxons, whose thanes possessed social rank equivalent to that of a baron.

36. The hovering Dane. The chief opponents and rivals of the Saxons in their control of England during the ninth and tenth centuries were the Danes, who occupied northern England, and finally in 1016, under Canute, made conquest of the whole of England.

82. Salem's dreary jail. Salem, Mass., was a center of the persecution of witches in the middle of the seventeenth century in New England. Read Longfellow's "Giles Corey."

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN [1857]

Cape Ann lies on the Massachusetts coast, north of Gloucester, which is alluded to in line 2.

8. Rantoul. Robert Rantoul (1805-1852) was a congressman from Massachusetts and a friend of Whittier. Whittier has honored him with a poem bearing his name.

11. Magnalia Christi. *Magnalia Christi Americana* (The Great Deeds of Christ in America), by Cotton Mather.

12. Ovid. Publius Ovidius Naso (B. C. 43-A. D. 18) was an important Roman poet.

21. The Covenanter. In 1638 the Scottish Parliament made an agreement, ratified by the Parliament of England in 1643, for the preservation of the reformed religion of Scotland and "the extirpation of Popery and Prelacy." The signers of this "Solemn League and Covenant" were called Covenanters and became after 1660 themselves the objects of bitter persecution. About 18,000 of them were put to death during three decades. See Scott's *Old Mortality*, particularly the Introduction.

56. A silver button. The tales of many peoples, from the Germans to the American Indians, refer to the superstition that a were-wolf or other supernatural creature could be killed only by a silver bullet.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE [1857]

This stirring ballad is based upon an incident which came to Whittier's ears in verse form in his boyhood. Whittier afterwards discovered that he had unwittingly perverted the facts of an actual occurrence, to the detriment of the memory of a real skipper, whose mutinous crew had thrown the blame on him for refusing to rescue sailors on a distressed vessel. He wrote to Samuel Roads, Jr., author of a *History of Marblehead*, "I am glad for the sake of truth and justice that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living."

3. Apuleius's Golden Ass. Apuleius. (114-190 A. D.), an African by birth, wrote an allegorical romance in eleven books, with this title. From it we get the episode of *Cupid and Psyche*.

4. One-eyed Calendar's horse of brass. See *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

6. Islam's prophet on Al-Borák. Al-Borák was the animal which, according to the Koran, the angel Gabriel brought to convey Mahomet, the prophet of Islam, to

the seventh heaven. It had the face of a man, the wings of an eagle, and a human voice.

26. Bacchus was the Roman god of wine.

30. The Mænads were female devotees of Bacchus.

35. Chaleur Bay is an inlet of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

TELLING THE BEES [1858]

An old superstition runs to the effect that if a member of the family dies, and the bees are not told of the fact and their hives put into mourning, they will forsake the premises. Observance of the curious superstition once existed in rural New England.

1. Here is the place. It is Whittier's own homestead that is described.

THE SYCAMORES [1857]

9. Celtic. The Irish are one of the Celtic peoples of Europe. Among them, also, are the Scotch, French, Italians, and Spanish. The Germans, Swedish, Danish, and English are, generally speaking, Teutons.

12. Amphion, according to the fable, built Thebes by the music of his lute.

13. Hugh Tallant, an Irishman, was an early settler of Haverhill, Mass., Whittier's early home.

27-28. Cluny and Mear are the names of religious tunes.

41. Lyke-wake. The night watch kept over a corpse; lichwake is a more common form.

47. Yorkshire is a northern county of England.

51. St. Keven, or St. Cœmgen (?-618), was a saint of the early Christian Church in Ireland. His behavior with the sackcloth ladder attests the antiquity of the Hibernian temperament.

53. Tara was a great hall upon a hill in Meath, Ireland, where kings and clergy assembled for the discussion of public matters. See Thomas Moore's "The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls."

60. Old king's arm. An English flintlock musket. See Lowell's "The Courtin'" for a similar term.

111. Tadmor, a Syriac name for the ancient city of Palmyra in the Syrian desert.

112. Marks is altered to "mocks" in the latest editions.

121. Keezar. The reference is to "Cobbler Keezar's Vision."

MY PLAYMATE [1860]

In a few reminiscent poems like this one and "Memories", one catches the echo of personal romance in Whittier's life.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW [1858]

This poem is based on an historic incident of the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 in India. The isolated garrison at Lucknow, a large city in the province of Oude, was relieved by the heroic march of a small British army under Sir Henry Havelock.

12. The Scottish pipes are bagpipes, a peculiar wind-instrument for the production of music.

13. Pibroch is the name of a kind of Scottish air, generally martial. By a common confusion, which even Lord Byron does not escape, the word is applied to the instrument upon which the air is played, *i.e.* the bagpipe.

36. Sepoys were natives of Hindustan, employed by Great Britain as soldiers.

46-47. Campbells and **MacGregors** were famous Scottish clans. Their clan-calls were being played by the pipes of the Highland regiments marching to the relief.

51. Goomtee. A river of Hindustan entering the Ganges sixteen miles below Benares.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR [1859]

8. The wild Assiniboins are an Indian tribe living in Manitoba and the adjacent regions of Canada.

24. St. Boniface is a town in Manitoba on the Red River, and is now a center of Roman Catholic education.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE [1863]

The facts which underlie this poem have been the subject of much debate. It is clear that Whittier wrote the

poem in good faith, supposing that he had been correctly informed of the incident. It is now agreed, however, that the real Barbara Frietchie did not wave the Union flag at the Confederate troops of "Stonewall" Jackson as they passed out of Frederick, Md., on September 10, 1862, and that General Jackson did not himself pass her house at all. But it is also agreed that Barbara Frietchie, then ninety-six years old, was a staunch Union sympathizer and did freely express her patriotic sentiments during the stay of the Confederates in the town. Also, upon the same street, another woman, Mrs. Mary Quantrell, displayed at this time a Union flag to the Confederates, one of whom, tradition states, tried, contrary to orders, to take it from her. Finally, on September 13 and 14, a portion of McClellan's army passed through Frederick, and on one of these days the aged Barbara Frietchie came out upon her porch and waved a flag at the passing soldiers.

24. "Stonewall" Jackson. General Thomas J. Jackson (1824-1863), one of the greatest of the Confederate commanders, won the epithet, "Stonewall," at the battle of Manassas Junction, 1861, by the firmness with which he held his position, and thereby turned defeat into victory.

THE FROST SPIRIT [1830]

This poem is an interesting experiment in an unusual metre. Written in 1830, it is one of Whittier's earlier poems on Nature.

11. Mt. Hecla is an active volcano in Iceland.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE [1847]

John Randolph of Roanoke (1773-1833) was a highly eccentric but greatly gifted native of Virginia, conspicuous in the political life of America during the earlier portion of the last century. He was at various times member of Congress and Senator from Virginia. Politically he was a firm believer in the states' rights doctrine. Though he was

the owner of many slaves on his enormous estates, he foresaw the peril of the institution, and in his will, made in 1821, he gave his own slaves their freedom. Whittier's treatment of him is an example of the poet's fair and kindly tolerance.

39. Clio was one of the nine muses of the Greek mythology. Her province was History.

61. The Neva is one of the largest rivers of Russia. Leningrad is situated upon it. Randolph visited Russia in 1830 upon a special government mission and during the same absence from America spent nearly a year in Great Britain.

105. **Patrick Henry** (1736-1799) the Virginia patriot whose speeches in connection with American independence are household words in American homes.

108. The Sage of Monticello was Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), the third president of the United States.

FORGIVENESS [1846]

Notice how the movement of this poem is affected by the use, not very common, in Whittier, of "run-on" lines; *i.e.* of lines whose units of grammatical phrase do not end with the line in which they begin, but are continued into the next. Compare lines 1 and 4 with lines 2 and 3.

HAMPTON BEACH [1843]

This poem, written in 1843, should be read in connection with the group of later poems entitled *The Tent on the Beach* (1867). With them it contains a clear expression of Whittier's love for the ocean shore. Certain of its passages are of remarkable beauty. Hampton Beach lies at the mouth of the Hampton River near the southern extremity of the short stretch of seacoast that New Hampshire possesses.

As an early expression of Whittier's love of Nature, it may be compared with "The Frost Spirit," and "To A. K."

THE HILL-TOP [1850]

The localities mentioned in this poem are all in central New Hampshire.

MEMORIES [1841]

This poem possesses a romantic interest. Whittier never married, but it is supposed that this poem refers to a disappointed love of his young manhood.

ICHABOD [1850]

This remarkable expression of sorrowful indignation was called forth by the famous speech of Daniel Webster, on the 7th of March, 1850. In that speech Webster proposed certain compromises with the South as a means of settling the slavery issue. Throughout New England the speech was regarded as a sacrifice of principle by Webster, prompted by his ambition for the Presidency. Historians now generally vindicate the statesmanship of Webster's speech. That Whittier himself changed his opinion upon the matter may be seen by comparing this poem with "The Lost Occasion." "Ichabod," however, is in the opinion of some critics Whittier's most powerful poem.

TO A. K. (AVIS KEENE) [1850]

This exquisite poem is remarkable in two ways. As a poem purely upon Nature it is one of Whittier's earliest, and one of his very best. Moreover, it is one of Whittier's few experiments in an irregular metre. His success is so great that one can but wish he had possessed a greater interest in the technical problems of his art.

APRIL [1852]

This poem may be studied as one of the earlier of Whittier's poems to be occupied exclusively with the description of Nature. Compare with "The Frost Spirit," "To A. K.," and "Hampton Beach."

27. **Nature, like Lazarus.** See *John* xi. 1-46.

BURNS [1854]

In this poem Whittier acknowledges his deep indebtedness to Burns, and tells how "the older poet awoke the younger." (See Introduction.) It is written in the ballad-metre that was a favorite with Burns. Robert Burns (1759-1796), the most popular of Scottish poets, hardly needs further introduction here.

38. "The Twa Dogs" is the title of one of Burns's poems.

67-68. Craigie-burn and **Devon** were favorite streams of Burns's. The Devon is a river in Perthshire. "Burn" means "small stream."

71. The Ayr and **Doon** are streams of Ayrshire in southwestern Scotland.

79. The Bible at his cotter's hearth. See Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday night."

103. The mournful Tuscan was Dante (1265-1321), the author of *The Divine Comedy,* one of the three greatest epics.

116. His Highland Mary. See Burns's "Highland Mary." Mary Morison, therein commemorated, who died when young, was an early love of Burns's.

THE HERO [1853]

The hero commemorated in this poem is Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, husband of Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." As a young man he fought with the Greeks in their war for separation from Turkey.

1. A knight like Bayard. The Chevalier Pierre du Terrail de Bayard (1475-1524) was famed throughout Europe as the most chivalrous knight of his time.

6. Zutphen. Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), an English poet, stands as the type of chivalry (in English history). He was killed in the battle of Zutphen, 1586.

31. The far Cyllenian ranges. Mt. Cyllene is a famous mountain of Greece, situated near the center of the Peloponnesus.

36. The Suliotes were inhabitants of the region of Suli, in southern Albania.

45. The Albanians lived in Albania, a province in European Turkey, north of Greece, and bordering on the Adriatic and Ionian seas.

55. Thessaly is a district in northeastern Greece.

72. The barricades of Seine. Howe later took part in the fighting in Paris in the Revolution of 1848.

78. Cadmus was, according to legend, the inventor of the alphabet.

86. Sir Lancelot and his peers. The knights of the the Round Table in King Arthur's legendary court. See Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.*

THE BAREFOOT BOY [1855]

This deservedly popular poem is reminiscent of Whittier's own boyhood.

63. Apples of Hesperides. "The Hesperides were the women who guarded the golden apples which Earth gave to Here (*Juno*) at her marriage with Zeus (*Jove*)." Brewer's *Reader's Handbook.*

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS [1854]

Between 1855 and 1858 there was a desperate struggle between the friends and the opponents of slavery to colonize the territory of Kansas, into which the institution of slavery had been admitted by act of Congress in 1854. Each party hoped to gain the control of the political administration of the territory and thereby save the coming state for its principles. The conflict was so severe that in 1856 a state of civil war prevailed, and armed bands of emigrants were formed and sent into the territory by North and by South alike. Whittier's poem was a campaign song among the earliest of these emigrant parties from the North.

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT [1847]

The passage from Richardson's *Journal,* containing the incident upon which these haunting stanzas are based, is quoted by Whittier, viz.:

Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March, 1846. This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro servant, Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs for me, but got no satisfactory account from them. Said at first said, "Oh, they sing of *Rubee*" (God). "What do you mean?" I replied impatiently. "Oh, don't you know?" he continued, "they ask God to give them their *Atka*" (certificate of freedom). I inquired, "Is that all?" Said: "No; they say, 'Where are we going? The world is large. *God! Where are we going? O God!*'" I inquired, "What else?" Said: "They remember their country, Bornou, and say, '*Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!*'" "Do they say anything else?" Said: "No; they repeat these words over and over again, and add, 'O God! give us our *Atka, and let us return again to our dear home.*'"

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN [1857]

The philosophy of content which finds expression in this poem is of a piece with that in "Snow-Bound."

34. The white pagodas of the snow. Compare with the description of the well-curb in "Snow-Bound."

55. The **Arno** valley is that in which Florence stands, in northern Italy.

56. The **Alhambra** is a Moorish palace of great architectural beauty in Seville, Spain.

66. Pharpar. The Pharpar was a river of Damascus. See *2 Kings* v.

69. Ind, *i.e.* India.

71. Persian Hafiz, a renowned Persian (1300?-1390?).

72. Rome's cathedral, *i.e.* St. Peter's.

80. The Kosmos, *i.e.* the universe.

93. Bacon. Sir Francis Bacon (1561-1626) was a great English philosopher, sometimes called the founder of modern experimental science.

94. Pascal. Blaise Pascal (1623-1662) was a great French philosopher and mathematician.

105. Plato, who lived in the fourth and fifth centuries B.C., was one of the two greatest of Greek thinkers, Aristotle, his pupil, being the other.

110. Poor Richard's Almanack, written and published by Benjamin Franklin, is still a classic in American literature.

111. The Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream. The Sufis were members of a sect of Persian Mohammedans. The Brahmins of Hindustan were sometimes called Gentoos.

112. Menu's age of thought. Menu was a Hindoo law-giver.

117. The magic mat. The reference is to a familiar story in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment.*

120. Nubia . . . Phrygia. Nubia is a region in the Sudan, in eastern Africa. Phrygia was a province in ancient Asia Minor.

121-125. And he, . . . the statesman, was Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, a warm friend of Whittier.

126. The Athenian archon. The archon was one of the chief civil and religious magistrates of Athens.

127. Struck down. Sumner was brutally attacked in the Senate chamber at Washington by Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, and severely injured.

148. The Cross without the Bear. The traveller south of the equator finds the Southern Cross to be the most conspicuous constellation of stars in his heaven. The constellation of the Great Bear, containing the "Big Dipper" is not then visible, being below the northern horizon.

151. The Line, *i.e.* the equator.

162. Gay Versailles or Windsor's halls. At Versailles was a palace of the French Emperors. Windsor Castle on the Thames River is a palace of the English royalty.

166. Gothic groin. A peculiar angle made by the intersection of curved surfaces in certain Gothic arches. For an illustration, see *Webster's Dictionary.*

179. Arcadian vales. Arcadia was the name of a region in central Greece.

OUR RIVER [1861]

This poem was written in praise of the Merrimac River, always a favorite subject with Whittier.

11. **Brissot.** Jean Pierre Brissot, a famous leader in the French Revolution, visited America when a young man, and admired particularly the scenery of the Merrimac.

21. **Arno's banks.** The Arno is a river of northern Italy.

23. **The Doon** and **Ayr.** See note on page 219.

31. **Undine.** The story of this water-sylph whose home was in river-beds is contained in De la Motte Fouqué's *Undine.*

35. **Dian.** Diana was, in Grecian mythology, the virgin goddess of the hunt.

39. The **Naiads** were, in the same mythology, water-nymphs.

LAUS DEO [1865]

This song of praise and triumph marks the conclusion of the struggle against slavery. The passage by Congress of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery took place on January 31, 1865, but it was not ratified by the required number of states till December 18 of the same year. The poem "wrote itself, or rather sang itself," he wrote to a friend, "while the bells rang" which announced the passage of the amendment. The poem was complete in the poet's mind before he wrote a line of it on paper. The reader should observe how full the poem is of biblical phraseology.

27. **Miriam** was the sister of Moses. The expressions which follow are found in the song of Moses upon the escape of the Israelites through the Red Sea. *Exodus* xv. i.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS [1865]

This noble poem is Whittier's clearest statement of his religious faith. Nurtured in the Quaker creed, and sympathetic with it all his days, he was still unable to accept all its theological views. Here the abiding trust in a God of mercy and of love, which permeates all of Whittier's work, finds supreme expression.

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